

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning
Vol. CXXLIII. }

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FRANCE IN AFRICA.*

In an article in the June *Nineteenth Century* Sir Harry Johnston points out that, as regards the colonization of Africa, the unhealthiness of the well-watered regions and the aridity of the desert tracts need not prove to be absolute disabilities. "Deserts, to be made habitable and cultivable, only need irrigation, and apparently there is a subterranean water-supply underlying most African deserts which can be tapped by artesian wells"; and he adds, "The extreme unhealthiness of the well-watered parts of Africa is due not so much to climate as to the presence of malaria," and this the draining of marshes and the sterilization of pools will probably in time obviate.

This being so, it is with no unprophectic instinct, perhaps, that the imagination of England, as well as of some other European nations, finds itself engrossed by the immense and almost undeveloped interior of Africa. In those deserts vast and antres idle the

millions of Europe are destined, it may be, in the future, to find breathing-space and elbow-room. Looked at from this point of view, the opening up of the great southern continent becomes an affair of almost international importance, a task that Europe as a whole has been set, the carrying out of which, whether by this nation or that, is matter of congratulation to all. Space in this new field of enterprise is almost unlimited. There is room for all our efforts. On the other hand, the difficulties in the way of advance are everywhere formidable. There is, indeed, something redoubtable in the way in which Africa, confident in her natural inaccessibility, confident in her long, bare coast-line, almost destitute of ports and navigable rivers, in her tracts of desert sand, her dense forests and malarial swamps, advances her great bull-head into the affairs of Europe. "Here I am: now make what you can of me," seems to be her un-

*1. "L'Algérie et la Tunisie." Par Paul P. Leroy-Beaulieu. 2nd edit. Paris: Guillaumin & Cie, 1897.

2. "Cent Années de Rivalité Coloniale—L'Afrique." Par Jean Darcy. Paris: Perrin & Cie, 1904.

3. "A Travers les Oasis Sahariennes." Par Guillaume de Champeaux. Paris: Chapelot & Cie, 1903.

4. "Old Quebec." By Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. Macmillan, 1903.

spoken challenge; and it must be confessed that Europe as yet, considering the energy, the money, and the blood expended, has not made very much of Africa.

Practically, the only two Powers whose civilization is vital to-day in Africa—which, that is to say, have effected a settlement which would continue if the support of the mother country were withdrawn—are France and England. France has made her entrance from the extreme north, England from the extreme south. The vast bulk of Africa lies almost evenly balanced on the Equator, and between the opposite extremities there are close resemblances. Cape Town lies in latitude 34.20° south; Algiers, in latitude 36.47° north. The former has an annual rainfall of twenty-four inches, and a mean temperature of sixty-two degrees; the latter an average rainfall of twenty-nine inches, and a mean temperature of sixty-six degrees. Algiers is therefore slightly warmer and damper than Cape Town, but the difference is inconsiderable. The physical features of the two regions are also much alike. What is called the Tell district in the north—that is, the fertile strip of land along the coast—is balanced by a similar margin of fertility in the south. The fruit gardens of Natal are reproduced along the shore of the Mediterranean, and the traveller who walks through the loaded vines of the Metidjeh valley in Algeria can quite well fancy himself to be strolling among the famous Constantia vineyards of the colony.

Inland of this again, and at about the same distance, the great Drakensberg range in the south echoes the Atlas in the north; while further inland still the vast expanse of almost barren veldt in general appearance corresponds to the Sahara. Perhaps this general resemblance is nowhere more striking than in these latter regions.

The writer cannot but recall many days' march through the Tunisian plains, extending from the borders of the desert to Kairwan, during which the aspect of the country, the sparse and scanty herbage, the color of the soil, the endless level flats, and the occasional abrupt and regularly constructed hills that rise from the plain like masses of architecture, and with their uninhabited air add so poignant a touch to the melancholy and grave desolation of the scene—when these, and other suggestions, the air, the light, the bars of color morning and evening along the horizon, combine to produce on his mind the impression, amounting almost to an absolute illusion, that he was riding once more across the interminable plains of the southern colonies.

Such likenesses result naturally in a similar likeness between the problems which each nation has to confront. The Sahara has produced in the Arab a type of manhood far less civilized, no doubt, but not less proud and independent than the children of the veldt, and the difficulty of effecting a reconciliation between invaders and invaded, and including both in the same scheme of progress, is the main obstacle in the way of French colonization as it is in the way of ours. Second to it comes the difficulty of irrigating the great waterless spaces of the interior, a difficulty on the solution of which the success of both schemes in great measure depends, and upon which the French have carried out some interesting and successful experiments. A large army of occupation is a necessity to them as to us, and in regard to the uses such an army may be put to, and the part it may play in the opening up of the country, they have some valuable suggestions to make. Means of transport and intercommunication throughout these vast territories is another of the problems we both have to solve, and we find that our dream

of a Cape to Cairo railway, which is to thread together all our possessions down the eastern side of Africa, is replied to by the Trans-Saharan French line, destined to unite the Soudan and colonies of the south with Algeria in the north and the Mediterranean ports. Perhaps there has not before been seen such a spectacle as that of two great colonial empires spreading and extending from opposite ends of the same enormous continent with equal swiftness and equal energy; and when we consider the similarity, in essential features, between the conditions of the two undertakings, it seems natural that the methods and expedients of each should have a claim on the attention of the other.

Not the least striking feature about modern French colonizing is its strong contrast with their colonizing of a hundred and fifty years ago. There lately appeared a book, written by Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Bryan, entitled, "Old Quebec," in which was given an admirable sketch of the old system as it was applied to Canada. It consisted simply in the transplantation to the new land of a section of French society as it existed at that time in the mother country. A complete little feudal system was established on the banks of the St. Lawrence:

The Canadian Seigneur held his lands of the King, and the *habitants*, or cultivators of the soil, held theirs of the Seigneurs upon the performance of specific duties and the payment of *cens et rente*. On the St. Martin's day, when the censitaires commonly liquidated the obligations of their tenure, the Seigneurie presented an animated scene. Here were gathered all the tenants, bearing wheat, eggs, and live capons, to pay for their long, narrow farms at a rate ranging from four to sixteen francs.

Nor did his rent complete the tenant's obligations:

Throughout the year he must grind his grain at the Seigneur's mill, paying one bushel in every fourteen for the service, bake his bread at the Seigneur's oven, work for him one or two days in the year, and forfeit one fish in every eleven to the lord of the manor.

Then there was the church. Founded as a missionary trading port, Quebec had always been famed for a certain docility of piety. She had been brought up under priestly control. Her early Governors—Champlain, D'Alleboust, Montmagny—were military monks. The Jesuits, who quickly appeared upon the scene, fostered the prevailing spirit of submission, and obtained, by a judicious alternation of persuasion and penance, a remarkable hold over the community. Absence from church was punishable by law, as also was absence from confession. The calendar was filled with special days for prayer and purification. Priests, monks, and nuns crowded the city in numbers disproportionate to the lay population. The Conseil Supérieur took careful note of the least religious laxity, and the pillory, the stocks, and a certain "wooden horse with a sharp spine," were the ready instruments of correction.

Such a glance sufficiently indicates the spirit of the French colonization of that day. The life was not unhappy, nor unbeautiful. Feudalism lost much of its harshness in transplantation. The Canadian peasant, dreaming out his peaceful existence in the shadow of the manor-house and the church, supervised with affectionate vigilance by the seigneurs and the priests, enjoyed a lot which to many people, who love the backward rather than the forward glance, still seems the happiest possible. But to colonization, which is essentially a forward-looking business, such a lot bears no application. The life of the French settlement, for all its beauties and amenities,

was a stereotyped and outworn life, a life incapable of adapting itself to new conditions and a new country. Some adventurous spirits there were who rebelled against it and accepted outlawry as the inevitable consequence. These *coureurs de bois*, as they were called, whom the excessive lawfulness of the settlement drove to the utter lawlessness of the woods, constitute a singular testimony to the irksome influence of formalism amid surroundings which called above all for a flexible adaptability. As for the attitude of the government towards them, it is sufficiently shown by the edict which orders that, "any person going into the woods without a licence should be whipped and branded for the first offence, and sent for life to the galleys for the second; while a third offence was punishable by death."

Compared with the British colonies, living their own lives and grappling with nature on even terms, the French were much what the branches of an ancient tree, cut off and thrust into the ground, would be as compared with handfuls of seed scattered over the soil. They lacked the vitality which is not to be separated from the idea of liberty. The opinion, which still in many quarters lingers on, that the French are "no colonizers" was derived from these past experiments. It was a legitimate conclusion from them. But the conditions of their colonizing to-day are wholly different. The decaying bulwarks of feudalism no longer stand between the colonist and the colony. And the consequence is, in the case of North Africa, a remarkable quickening of public interest in colonial life. The tide of immigrants grows; settlers, possessing the soil they cultivate, overspread the land; industries, public works, improvements—the draining of swamps, the irrigation of deserts, the engineering of railways and roads—are pushed forward with vigor and intelligence. More than

twenty years ago it was remarked, by one of the acutest writers on Algeria—Maurice Wahl—that the Algerian colonists soon became distinguished from their countrymen at home by a certain audacity of character and mind, a readiness to adopt advanced methods and new ideas, and to apply the latest discoveries in science to the uses of agriculture and industry. This is, of course, the true colonial temper, and the development of it by the French under present conditions suggests that our ancient competition with them should be regarded not so much as a competition between Frenchman and Englishman as between Feudalism and Freedom. The English settlers, in the act of emigration, had escaped from a system which the French failed to escape from. They had shaken off fetters which their rivals carried with them. It was this, rather than any racial disqualification, which accounts, perhaps, for their failure and our success. At present these hindrances no longer exist, and France as a Republic may achieve—and is, in fact, rapidly achieving—successes in colonization which to France as a Monarchy were out of the question.

But though in African colonization England and France start fair for the first time, this is not to say that the methods they pursue are identical. On the contrary, there is a profound difference between them: a difference which the English traveller will feel directly he sets foot in Algeria, which will follow him about wherever he goes, which he will meet with in the wilds of the Sahara or in the streets of towns, which can be traced in the past as in the present, and which seems invariably to form the basis of French colonial policy and French colonial life.

Perhaps this difference may be expressed by saying that the French colonize collectively, whereas we colonize individually. Our own individual

Initiative has been frequently recognized and admired. The indomitable Anglo-Saxon penetrates far into the interior. He exploits the country; he civilizes the natives and employs the survivors. His Government watches him from afar in nervous irritation and perplexity, repudiates his action, and with an ill grace appropriates the fruits of his energy. This individual initiative of ours lends to our colonizing that vigor which has always been its salient feature. It is a quality which, more perhaps than any other, insures success in colonial enterprise, since it secures a vigorous initiative and the power of self-propagation to every new settlement. The British Empire bears everywhere the impress of this quality in its children. At the same time, to be fair, we must admit that colonizing by private enterprise has its drawbacks. It is apt to be somewhat spasmodic, to lack at times method and coherence, and occasionally to result in incidents which are afterwards regretted. The man most rich in individual initiative we have had for some time was Mr. Rhodes, and, if we take the two events for which he was most famous—the annexation of Rhodesia and the Jameson Raid—we shall perceive at a glance the advantages and drawbacks of the characteristic.

This quality the French appear to lack; but in their capacity for collective action they have something which, in part at least, makes up for it.

A little to the south of Algiers a broad road climbs, with frequent zig-zags, the wooded hill of Mustapha Supérieur. From here, if the reader will imagine himself to be sitting on the low wall that borders the road, he will see the town spread out beneath him. North and south two long piers stretch into the sea, to embrace a steadily increasing commerce. Beside the shore stretch the long quays and ample warehouses of the port. Then come the

Boulevard de la République, the squares, gardens, public buildings, statues, fountains, hotels, theatres, the long arcades and roomy tree-shaded streets of the Algerian capital. There is a good deal of dignity and discipline in all this. The regularity and breadth in the thoroughfares, and the uniformity in the buildings convert whole streets into single architectural features. Dirt, confusion, slums, and waste places scarcely seem to exist. In short, the intention of the inhabitants is evident—to endow themselves with a dignified, convenient, and well-arranged capital.

It is impossible to deny an attractive flavor to the life of such a place. Behind us the electric trams run smoothly down the hill, carrying prosperous-looking occupants to business or pleasure in the town below. On the slopes of the hill, among dark evergreens and trees, the comfortable-looking villas stand in well-ordered gardens. Most of them are built in the Moorish style, with deep verandahs, fantastic arcades, and ogive windows. Their snowy architecture gleams, like marble sculpture, through glossy leaves and evergreens. The gardens glow with a profusion of flowers; arches and verandahs are half-smothered under a surprising display of roses, and the great bougainvillea creeper bursts in purple surf on frequent walls and balconies. It is in such scenes that the efficiency of the French colonist reveals itself. No sooner does he touch the collective principle than he displays all the boldness and the big ideas which the Englishman displays in the wilds. Even in such lesser towns as Sfax, Monastir, Gabes, and others, some of which are as yet the merest sketches, the same instinct appears. Though the first touches only are visible on the bare canvas, these are already the decisive strokes of the artist who foresees his picture. Boulevards, gardens, quays, and harbors are

already indicated. All is rudimentary, yet a certain greatness is foreshadowed. Scorched with desert sun, and blurred with desert sand, these embryo cities are nourished on a high tradition.

These things, surely, are not unimportant. A fine capital attracts citizens. It encourages permanent settlement, and gives a certain stability to colonial life. Its presence reacts on the industries and agriculture of the country. Markets are established, commerce stimulated, trade knocks at the door. A certain prestige and dignity attach to a young colony from the possession of a worthy capital. Strangers think more of it, and it thinks more of itself. The presence or absence of these effects is what makes up the difference between Algiers and Cape Town. Cape Town, with its aimless streets, its untidy squares, its heterogeneous collection of buildings—some squalid and some pretentious—is not a city that could confer dignity on any colony. No doubt we lose something in consequence, and, as we shall be prepared to admit, if we estimate rightly the arrangement and life of Algiers, something not inconsiderable. We are inclined, as a rule, in comparing our colonizing with the French, to dwell on those aspects of the business in which our own gifts appear to greatest advantage. It is well to remind ourselves, therefore, that there is a good deal of collective work that goes to the making of a country, and that in this kind of work the French take the lead.

We have dwelt, however, on this French characteristic because it is one to be noticed not only in the building of their cities, but in their entire scheme of colonization, and is, in fact, the typical attribute of that scheme. Their whole colonial empire has been laid down by the French just as their towns are laid down, with the same coherence, the same power of organization, the same regard for order, unanim-

ity, and discipline. Our individual initiative they have not got. No inward prompting drives them out one by one into the wilderness. They are slow to move. But when their interest is at last aroused, and their attention attracted, and they have made up their minds as a nation that they will prosecute a scheme of colonization, then at once their power of organization comes to their aid, and, even in the wilds, in all the work of the explorer and the pioneer, becomes an equivalent to them for the more personal quality they lack.

It was a long time before France took any interest in the development of her new territories in North Africa. Algeria continued for years to be thought and spoken of as if it were at the Antipodes, instead of almost within sight of Marseilles. Its beautiful scenery, its delicious climate, its rich and fertile soil attracted little attention. The invasion of the country had been imposed on France against her own will. It was only when the anachronism of a pirate stronghold, in the midst of Europe and in the nineteenth century, had become too glaring to be longer tolerated, and when, moreover, it had been made evident that if France did not move in the matter England would, that the French expedition was undertaken. Once embarked on the enterprise there was no drawing back. The capture of Algiers led inevitably to the conquest of Algeria, since it was impossible to hold the town without holding the country, and thus, after a long interval, the renewal of colonial expansion was forced upon France in a manner there was no evading. It is curious to remember, in these days of universal land hunger, how slowly and reluctantly France was induced to appropriate the fertile province lying at her very door, which for centuries had seemed to be crying out for annexation.

The succession of languid campaigns

that followed failed to arouse national interest in the colonial policy of the Government. Indeed, a definite colonial policy did not at this time exist. The presence of enemies induced battles. The Arabs broke themselves by degrees against the military strength of France. But France herself showed no wish to extend and regulate her conquests. Throughout the first half of Louis Philippe's reign the French Chamber was hostile to a definite occupation. The political economists were against it. For long it was uncertain whether the Government would be content with holding one or two of the coast towns, or would seriously undertake the conquest of the country.

An expedient, which was again and again attempted, and which showed the entire misconception under which France labored as to the part she was called on to play in the new territory, was that of governing through native chiefs, and making use of these as instruments of her own authority or influence. Mustapha ben Omar and others in the beylik of Titeri were thus employed. A more important intermediary was the celebrated Abd-el-Kader, for fifteen years the open enemy or doubtful friend of France. Jusuph and Achmed, in the province of Constantine, were others. Even the Bey of Tunis was called in to act as middleman between the French Government and the native tribes. The whole structure of Arab society was, however, too loosely put together to admit of being influenced by means like these. It was disorderly in its elements. The chiefs France appealed to had rivals among their own people, and a very uncertain tenure of power. Neither in their own authority nor in the precarious support of the tribes was there any guarantee of stability. Indeed, for France to seek stability from them was to require that

at their hands which it was her own special business to confer.

Nevertheless this vacillating policy was persisted in for years. In 1834 M. Dupin, procureur-général, in a speech in the Chamber, declared that the whole idea of colonization was absurd. No one wanted to colonize, there was no territory to bestow on colonists, and no way of safeguarding their future. "The thing to do," he insisted, "was to reduce expenditure to the lowest possible limit, and hasten in every way the moment that would free France from a burden which she could and would not support much longer." Three years later M. Thiers, not usually deficient in energy, declared that, "If we could secure a few leagues of land round Oran, Algiers, and Bône, I, for my part, should be satisfied. I am no friend of a general occupation." What was still more remarkable, Marshal Bugeaud, the most brilliant and successful of the French commanders in Algeria, was at this time so opposed to a policy of conquest, and so persuaded that the country would never be worth the blood spent on it, that he could not conceal his opinion from the troops he was actually leading. "Unfortunately," wrote a subordinate in 1836, just after the brilliant campaign of Tlemcen, "he professes these opinions all day, to everyone, and at the top of his voice, which, though he may not be aware of it, is rather discouraging to the army."

When such were the opinions held by the leaders in Parliament and in the field, it was no wonder that resulting operations should be of a desultory nature. Luckily, perhaps, for the future of French colonization, the restless excitability of the tribes goaded her perpetually to unwilling efforts. It was not, however, until after repeated experience of Arab unreliability that France, convinced on the one hand of the danger of abandoning the country

altogether, was convinced, on the other, of the disagreeable necessity of governing it herself. In 1838 Kolea and Blidah were garrisoned, Medea and Millana were occupied in 1840, Biskra and Dellys fell in 1844. The Moroccans were defeated in the same year, and three years later Abd-el-Kader, rebel, deputy-governor, and independent chief, surrendered himself prisoner. In 1852 Laghouat was taken. The expedition against the Khabilis followed in 1856-57, and it was only after the successful issue of this campaign that the conquest of Algeria, north of the desert, could be said to be complete. It had taken twenty-seven years. Marshal Bugeaud himself defined the cause of the dilatory nature of the French invasion when, in answer to certain critics, he pointed out that the whole enterprise had been undertaken without a definite end in view. It had been often said that the country was conquered when it was not conquered at all. He was told he ought to do with 21,000 men. He asked for 45,000 as a minimum. The French held several towns, but were little the further advanced for that. "But," he added significantly, "when France makes up her mind to conquer the country—when she makes up her mind seriously, I mean—she will no doubt achieve her object."

During these early years the French Government, far from encouraging immigration, set itself deliberately to check it. At the end of 1832 an order appeared which provided that—

to prevent a too numerous and plentiful immigration, and to safeguard individuals from destitution in consequence of their having inconsiderately transferred themselves to the new country without possessing any assured means of livelihood, the French Government, besides the measures it has already taken to prevent spontaneous immigration into Algeria, has thought fit to put a stop altogether to ingress into

the country until further orders, except for those who can prove that they have ample means of subsistence.

Nor was this a temporary precaution. For thirty years the same opposition was offered. During all this time the Government appears to fill the part of an exceedingly fussy master of ceremonies, who, instead of throwing open the door and letting the public scramble for their seats, would admit them one by one and conduct each one personally to his place. Now and then at long intervals the door was partially opened, a required number was admitted, and it was promptly shut again. Five years after the taking of Algiers the number of European colonists of all countries only amounted to 11,221. During the next ten years the number rose to 95,531. After this again the usual disabilities were imposed. No one was allowed admittance who had not employment assured beforehand. When in 1853 the Swiss desired to found a colony at Sétif, the French Government stipulated that each member must possess capital to the amount of 3,000 francs. The result was that in the ten years following 1845 the average yearly immigration was reduced to little over a half of what it had been in the previous ten years. "The salient characteristic of Algerian colonization," says M. Leroy-Beaulieu, "was the systematic, almost constant opposition of the home government to any considerable immigration during a period of thirty years." And he adds:

This hostility to the idea of immigration was a settled policy which for years influenced the Government in its conduct of Algerian affairs. A study was made how to limit the number of immigrants, and the task was not a difficult one. New arrivals were required to possess an amount of capital rare for such classes. Simple workmen had to show 400 francs, and people

who went out with the idea of investing in land were obliged to own a fortune of 1,500 or even 3,000 francs.

We are not to suppose, however, that during these years the Government was suppressing a movement of any vigor on the part of the people. It required no exertion to shut the door of ingress, and a good deal of persuasion to induce anyone to take advantage of its opening. In 1837 80,000 free passages were granted to colonists, of whom 70,000 promptly returned to France. It is, really, the indifference on the part of the French people which explains both the vacillation and fussiness of the Government and the lack of energy in the campaign. Conquest and colonization alike were waiting for France to "make up her mind" on the Algerian question.

A glance at the census returns shows about when she made it up. Taking periods of five years, we find that from 1861 to 1866 the population rose by 9,890. From 1866 to 1872 (no census was possible in 1871) it rose by 7,482. From 1872 to 1876 it rose 26,764, and during the next five years from 1876 to 1881 it rose 39,053. The increase being entirely due to immigration, for the deaths in those days exceeded the births in the colony itself, the remarkable point in these figures is the tide of immigration that set in after 1872, and which has been ever since maintained. The ten years previous to 1872 brought in about 17,000 immigrants into Algeria; the nine years following brought 65,000. From about 1872, then, we may date the renaissance that has taken place in French colonizing. Down to that time the weak trait in her methods of colonization, its lack of personal initiative, was the dominating factor. From now on France's strong suit, her instinct for organization and method, comes into play. Backed up by the tardily awakened

interest of the nation, it set itself to carve out rapidly, daringly and systematically, the French colonial empire as it exists to-day.

There can scarcely, we imagine, be a contrast in history more dramatic than that between France's colonial policy before and after 1872. The characteristics of the two would almost seem to be irreconcilable. The earlier policy appears to be typical of a people who, if not on the decline, had used up their expansive energy and reached the slack water of their flood; the later to be the policy of a nation still young in enterprise and physical vigor. It is difficult to believe that the Power which in the later period we find everywhere advancing her frontiers with such boldness, whose explorers and pioneers are scattered through the Sahara and the Sudan, whose territories from the Congo in the south, from the Senegal in the west, from Algeria and Tunisia in the north, have spread until they have included almost the whole of this vast protuberance of the north-west in a single colonial empire, can be the same Power which, but yesterday, shrank timidly from assuming control over a domain almost in sight of her own shores; that she, whose colonial enterprise nothing now seems able to daunt, can be she whose colonial enterprise nothing could lately excite.

With the awakening of this interest and energy in France there arose a succession of explorers who set about the investigation of the Sahara in the characteristic French way. The English, it may be said, explore for love of adventure, the Germans for love of abstract science, the French for the attainment of an immediate practical advantage. From 1780 to 1850 practically all the explorers are English. Lucas, Ledyard, Ritchie, Lyon, Denham, Oudney, Clapperton, are the names we meet with, few of whom

returned to tell the tale of their adventures. Following them we come to the names of certain famous Germans, Barth, Rohlfs, and Nachtigal, who carried on the work down to about 1870 and established our knowledge of the Sahara on a scientific basis. Then at last we come to the French. Hitherto the only French explorer of note has been Henri Duveyrier, whose great journey dates from 1859. The French occupation, however, was beginning to confirm its hold. In 1854 the victory of Meggarine and the submission of Tuggurt and the tribes of the Oued Rir' introduced them into the Sahara. The work of sinking wells to resuscitate certain of the decaying oases which was immediately undertaken, and which met with conspicuous success, suggested or encouraged a wider occupation. It was not, however, till after 1870 that the exploration of the interior began to be continuously carried out, and there commenced a series of attempts to explore the oases of the mid-desert occupied by the dangerous tribes of the Touareg confederation. In 1873-74 Soleillet reached Insalah. In 1874 Dourneaux-Duperré and Joubert were assassinated near Ghadames, which town was reached by Victor Largeau in 1875. The attempts of Largeau and Louis Say to penetrate southward were frustrated by the Touareg in 1877, and in the following year Erwin von Bary was assassinated by the same tribes. In 1878, the Government having recognized the difficulty of carrying on the work of exploration in the face of the hostile tribes that held the central desert, an armed expedition was organized under the command of the ill-fated Colonel Flatters. The expedition started in 1880, but was far too weak for its purpose, and appears to have been somewhat recklessly led. It was ambushed and cut up by the Touareg, a few natives only escaping to carry

the bad news to Algeria. The blow was followed by the massacre of the missionaries, Richard, Morat, and Pouplard; by the assassination of Lieutenant Palet in 1886, and of Camille Douls in 1889.

If many of these explorations had an unhappy ending, their multiplication in the face of difficulties shows at least the interest which was beginning to fix itself on the North African problem. The annexation of Tunisia in 1881 revealed the progressive nature of the French occupation. In the meantime a similar spirit was developing itself along the southern borders of the future colonial empire. The name of Savorgnan de Brazza is identified with the creation of the French Congo State. His expeditions occupied the years between 1875 and 1878, and between 1879 and 1883. De Brazza was an ardent believer in that system of "pacific penetration" which, though chiefly heard of lately and in reference to Morocco, has really always been a notable feature of the French occupation, and he undoubtedly employed it with great effect on the tribes of the Congo. Mainly by treaties with the natives he extended the French protectorate from an undetermined coastline to something like its present dimensions. His labors were rewarded at the Berlin Conference in 1885, when the conquests of his urbanity were duly included in the French colonial empire.

In all the hitherto isolated and disconnected colonies of the Gulf of Guinea, Dahomey, the Ivory Coast, French Guinea, and Senegambia, the same leaven was working. The year 1854, the year that saw the conquest of the Sahara begun in the north, saw the commencement in Senegambia of the governorship of General Faidherbe, commonly known as the founder of the French Sudan. The foundations then laid were extended by Brière de l'Isle,

whose treaty of 1881 contained the recognition by the Sultan Ahmadou of the French protectorate. The treaty in 1887 with the formidable Samory marked a further extension of French influence, and about the same time took place the memorable expedition of Captain Binger from Bammako on the Upper Niger by Sikasso and down the Comoé into the Ivory Coast State, an expedition which gave a decisive stimulus to the spread of French occupation by linking together the hinterlands of Senegambia and the Ivory Coast. This junction once effected, the occupation of the interior was swift and uninterrupted. It was continued by Archinard, Combes, Audéoud, Bonnier, Joffres, Destenave, Voulet, and other French soldiers, who, in a series of expeditions, swept the French frontiers northwards and eastwards till they occupied the whole bend of the Niger and flowed round the English territory of Sokoto to join at Lake Tchad with the Congo advancing from the south.

Thus from 1870 onward a remarkable and general spirit of movement and enterprise seemed to be animating all the French African colonies. From all sides they were conducting a simultaneous advance into the interior, an advance which, though begun doubtless only in the interest of each individual colony, ended by-and-by in making them aware of each other's purpose and presence, and suggesting the idea of a single homogeneous empire. In 1890 the decisive event took place which showed that the thought of consolidation had flashed on the French mind. In that year the convention was signed between France and England which recognized the former's claim to the whole of the Sahara lying between a line drawn from Say to Lake Tchad on the south, and Algeria and Tunisia on the north. The delimitations of frontiers were indefinite in this

convention, however, and they were not finally specified until the convention of 1899. In the interim of nine years France carried on her investigations with redoubled energy. To these years belong the greatest names among her explorers—Foureaux, Montell, Blanchet, and a host of lesser ones. Montell started on his famous expedition from St. Louis in October 1890 with a small party of twelve men. In the following December he passed Ségur, the last French outpost, and plunged into the silence of the central Sudan. During the months of waiting that followed the attention of the French people became more and more fixed on the doubtful fate of the frail caravan. While Montell was discovering Africa, France, as M. de Vogüé says, had been discovering Montell. When two years later he emerged from his long journey of 5,000 miles at Tripoli, he found himself the darling of the hour. One practical result of his observations was the inclusion of Zinder, the important frontier town on the trans-Saharan caravan route, in the French sphere of influence.

M. Blanchet's energies were concentrated on the little-known region of the extreme west, the scanty oases and barren uplands of the Adrar range, the whole of which region has been included in the French dominions by the convention with Spain in 1900. We have not space to deal with all the explorations which, begun at this time from every point of French occupation, are still being prosecuted with undiminished vigor. One name, however, stands out above all competitors, not only as that of the man who may fairly be ranked as the greatest of Saharan explorers, but as one who, from his breadth of view and grasp of all that the Sahara meant in the French scheme of colonization, was less the instrument than the guide and inspiration of his country's policy.

Fernand Foureau was born in 1850, and began his African explorations at the age of twenty-seven. After several preliminary expeditions in the northern Sahara, he turned his attention to what had come to be recognized as the chief danger of the desert and the main obstacle to a complete exploration. The Touareg tribes of the central Sahara, occupying positions from Ghadames and Ghat on the east to the great oases of Insalah and Twat on the west, formed a cordon across the desert south of Algeria, completely masking the frontiers of the entire colony. The oases and hills which formed their central strongholds supplied a cloud of wandering depredators who were scattered over the country wherever a scanty herbage offered sustenance for their goats and camels, or a caravan route promised the chance of black-mail or pillage. In 1890 Foureau began a series of expeditions, the object of which was to explore the Touareg country and from thence the route south by Air to Zinder and the Sudan, a route never yet traversed by a European in its entirety. Alone save for a handful of natives, protected only by his own intimate knowledge of the Arab character and country, he made, between 1890 and 1899, no fewer than seven expeditions into a region which had proved a death-trap to so many of his countrymen. He collected many valuable observations. He brought home a fund of exact information on the topography of the country lying between the Algerian desert and the Touareg settlements. Nevertheless, from each of these journeys he returned a disappointed man, in that the inveterate suspicion and hostility of the tribes had each time defeated his object of penetrating to the south.

Two conclusions, however, had by this time defined themselves clearly in his mind. The first was that the Insalah position, standing midway be-

tween French Algeria and the French Sudan, was the key of the Sahara. And the second was that the opposition of the Touareg would never be overcome by anything short of armed force. For years he had tried to pick the lock; now he was resolved to force it.

"You never will traverse the Touareg country," he writes in one of his reports, "with any kind of security except by depending on force and by establishing all along the route well-manned positions, the garrisons of which will police the road throughout. This is what you will have to do if you are to open up communication between the Sudan and Algeria."

As for the Touareg themselves, Foureau, who certainly knew them far better than any living European, has scant sympathy for them. Their life, he writes,

is a constant succession of ghazis (pillaging forays). Every tribe of them, except the Ifoghas, takes part in the business, which means for them a livelihood without the trouble of working. The consequence is that the Sahara is in a constant state of turmoil and insecurity; murders, theft, pillage, and ambushes are of everyday occurrence. Not a quiet month ever passes in the whole desert, and it is quite certain that this state of things must stop all intercourse and commerce, as well as all hope of exploring the country.

He then vigorously urges that France should undertake the work of pacification, and points out that all the more peaceable tribes are agreed that there can be no settlement of the Sahara question until France makes up her mind to police the country.

The representations of Foureau had great weight. Already, from 1890, the advanced positions of the Algerian army were pressing southward along the whole line of the desert. The truth of the great explorer's definition of the

Touareg strongholds as "la clef de notre occupation" had become evident. The French Government yielded to his wishes, and in 1898 Foureau was accompanied on his eighth journey by a force of 310 men and two guns under Commandant Lamy.

For a description of the hardships, sufferings, fights, and final triumph of this expedition we must refer our readers to Foureau's own book. The final stage of the long voyage is, however, in a special degree noteworthy. At Zinder it encountered a French force under Lieutenant Joalland, which had penetrated to this point from the Niger and the western coast, while on reaching Lake Tchad it fell in with an important expedition from the Congo State to the south. All these expeditions had been many months on their way, and their final meeting in this remote region must be considered in the nature of a coincidence. It was none the less, however, accepted as symbolical of the consolidation of French interests in North Africa, to which the successful passage of the Sahara by Foureau had put the finishing touch. Lake Tchad is the nucleus to which all the French spheres of influence converge, and the movement of these three expeditions towards this spot and final junction there epitomizes neatly enough the whole scheme of their colonization. Had France been fortunate enough to possess a great Imperialist poet the event would no doubt have received adequate recognition, and the greetings of these pioneers of empire, converging hither from the sands of the Northern desert, from the waves of the Western sea, from the jungles of the Southern Sudan, would have been immortalized in one of those lofty odes which have so endeared Mr. Kipling's muse to all lovers of poetic beauty and poetic truth.

Apart from the poetic aspect of the

event it may be allowed to bear witness to the methodical spirit in which France has proceeded in her designs. Every move in her policy during the last fifteen years has been opportune. Every delimitation of a position has shown an accurate appreciation of the value of the territory at stake. The central Government has been informed by a body of pioneers not merely energetic and enterprising, but perfectly organized and disciplined, and all working together towards a common end. The breadth of handling, as an artist would call it, resulting from such a system is striking. Here are no petty or contradictory aims; no moving forward and turning back again; no energy in one place and stagnation in another. The advance is general everywhere. The same thought rules North and West and South. The same object animates the explorer in the desert and the Government that backs him up. To do justice to modern French colonization we must appreciate this character of unanimity and method which it possesses. If the reader will glance at a map of about 1880 he will see merely a few colored spots round the coast of North-West Africa to mark the extent of European occupation. There is no marked predominance of one over the other, and nothing to indicate which of these colors is destined to spread and extend over the interior. But let him look next at a map of twenty years later and what does he find? No great changes have taken place save in respect of one of the colors. This, from each several point along the coast-line at which it was established, has extended inland until the advancing currents, meeting and mingling, have overflowed practically the whole of the North-West. It is the moment of their meeting that the conjunction of the three expeditions in the neighborhood of Lake Tchad typifies;

and it is in every way appropriate that the final triumph should have taken place under the personal auspices of the man who had so much to do with insuring it. The French occupation of the great central oases round Insalah which formed the stronghold of the Touareg tribe, and on the capture of which Foureau had so strongly insisted, was not long deferred. The Flamand mission partially occupied the position in 1899, and was shortly followed by several columns which, after some sharp fighting, finally possessed themselves of these centres of anarchy.

One event of present interest has to be added to the category to mark the final triumph of a long and well-organized course of colonial policy. The absorption of Morocco into the French scheme, to be rightly understood, must be regarded as the natural, and indeed inevitable, outcome of what had gone before. In the realization of the French idea of an African colonial empire the control of Morocco is an essential factor. With Morocco independent the idea becomes impossible. To attempt the pacification of the Sahara and the re-establishment of the old trade routes, with the hinterland of Morocco offering a secure refuge and recruiting-ground for all the lawless and unruly elements of desert life, would be attempting a task foredoomed to failure. It is in its threat of a constant interference with their own widely laid plans for the settlement and development of all these regions that the French find their justification for the control of Morocco. The existence of a scheme such as theirs, a scheme that has proved its stability and capacity for dealing with the problems involved, confers certain rights and claims a certain recognition. We can all remember how keenly this was felt to be the case when the French attempted, in their occupation

of Fashoda, an interference with a scheme of our own. It was our scheme that gave us our right in the Nile Valley. Similarly it is the French scheme that gives them their right in Morocco. There is a small section of the press, and even certain Liberal critics of the Government in Parliament, who suggest that in the recent agreement we should have held out for more advantageous terms. This view, we think, does not do justice to the weight of the French claims. Our agreement to French control in Morocco, though we may ask and receive something for it, as is the way of diplomacy, is in the main the frank recognition of a title which the French, by many years of hard work and coherent policy, have already made good.

Of the many difficulties and problems with which France will have to deal in the development of so vast a scheme it is impossible to speak in detail. There is one, however, which holds so central a position, and so over-shadows all others, that we are tempted to refer to it. Follow up any of the French colonies and it brings you to the desert. The desert forms the vast core of this great empire, and before the separate colonies can become united in anything but name, the question how to span these almost uninhabited wastes, how to extend the oases, how to curb the enterprise of the Bedouin marauders and establish and protect a settled population, will have to be dealt with. When, in 1890, the French first acquired this vast, but apparently unremunerative, territory, not a few jokes were made at their expense. "The French cock," said Lord Salisbury, "loves to scratch in the sand." The French, however, by the time this treaty was made, had already had considerable experience of the desert by actual occupation, and their explorers had brought in a good deal of information concerning its remoter regions. They knew, as was only

natural, a good deal more about the Sahara than we did. What they had done and what they had seen encouraged them to believe that, far from being always an estranging waste between isolated possessions, the Sahara might one day become more or less populated, cultivated in part, and freely navigable to the trade of the south.

Such a hope might well seem a chimera to the uninitiated, but the French Government was acting on reliable information. In 1880 Foureau, who as we have said was as much the inspiration as the instrument of his country's policy, had established, with M. Fau, the *Compagnie de l'Oued Rir'*: a company founded with the object of carrying out irrigation works in the northern Sahara by means of artesian wells. It was the success met with in this experiment that encouraged him in the work of exploration, and suggested that the same methods of irrigation which had answered so well in one region might be applied more or less generally to the whole Sahara. To appreciate the scope of this conception the reader must remember that the constant struggle which the desert maintains against human occupation is the dominating fact of desert life. Every inch of cultivated ground, and these are very few and very far between, has to be daily defended against the enemy. Sand permeates like water, and, just as the sailor must always be overhauling and caulking every part of his vessel to keep it seaworthy and watertight, so the Arab, in the desert, has to guard and repair his oasis to keep it sand-tight. It is no light task. When the wind rises the sand-dunes, as the Arabs say, "walk." The word is very expressive of what takes place, for the rustling of the sand as it pours along the ground, and the rapid change in the shape of the drifts, give a strong impression of actual motion in the whole landscape. To prevent the obliteration

of their gardens, the Arabs plant rows of palm-leaves round the brims of the hollows and also along all the crests of the neighboring dunes. Though it looks absurdly childish, the expedient is not without effect. The sand is first set in motion along the sides of the dunes and pours and rushes up their slope (each grain rounded to a marble in the process), and it is not till it reaches the crest of the ridge that it rises like smoke into the air. At this point the palm-leaf borders intercept it and lay it to rest. When, indeed, the dunes walk in good earnest, nothing can arrest them. The sand rises at every point under the lashing wind, and turns the sky one uniform red color, and blots out the view at a distance of a few hundred yards. The spectacle of a landscape of dunes in rapid motion all around you, their crests melting and smoking in the wind, is one of the most curious, but, alike to husbandman and traveller, the most menacing that the desert has to offer.

It may be guessed from this that the tenure under which the Arabs of the desert hold their estates is a precarious one. By the middle of the last century the state of misrule, or no rule, in the desert, the perpetual incursions and forays of the nomad tribes had weakened and disintegrated the life of the fixed communities round the oases. With the Bedouins came the desert, symbol of chaos in nature as they in society. All influences making for stability drooped and deteriorated. The hereditary caste of well-sinkers, the *r'tassin* as they are called, had diminished until they had become almost extinct. The wells "died," and with them of course the oases died too. At the time of the French occupation many of these gardens had become wholly inundated with sand. Others were partially invaded. It was high time that in their losing fight with the

desert the villagers should receive reinforcement.

The French came to the rescue with the artesian boring process, and never appeared science in more kindly guise. The half-suffocated oasis of Tamerra in the Oued Rir' was the spot fixed upon for the first essay. It is worth the reader's while to fix his attention steadily for a moment on this little event. Sinking began on May 17, 1856, and on June 9 the water-carrying stratum was pierced, and a river of water, 4,000 litres to the minute, gushed forth. Lieutenant Rose, in charge of the engineers, sent to General Desvaux a report on the proceedings which gives a lively impression of the excitement caused among the Arabs by this enterprise of the invaders. Mons. Jus, the civil engineer superintendent, had indicated the second of June as the day when the out-flow might be expected. The hardness, however, of some of the intervening ground caused considerable delay. Several days passed in mingled doubt, expectation, and uncertainty. The work grew harder as the screw penetrated deeper. Parties of Arabs reinforced the camp, and the work was kept going day and night:

"But the Arabs," says Lieutenant Rose, "instead of seconding our workmen with all their might, were slack and ill-humored. There was no mistaking the feelings of these men. They might calculate the advantages they would reap in the event of our success; but one could read in their faces the intense satisfaction it would give them if we failed. Every time the pipe was drawn up fruitlessly they thought they saw the triumph of their system over ours. The partisans of the *r'tassin* looked triumphant, and it was quite plain that Moslem prejudice was looking forward confidently to the confusion of the new ideas which it secretly loathed."

So amid disappointment and anxiety

on one side and ill-concealed triumph on the other, the boring was pushed doggedly on till the 9th. At midday on that day the drill encountered more rocky strata, the depth attained being now about 500 feet. M. Jus affixed a smaller, pointed drill, to deal with this obstacle. For the final scene we will have recourse again to Lieutenant Rose:

"We worked two more hours," he says, "without result, when all of a sudden the rod, after a continued encounter of hard rock, sank so suddenly that we thought it had broken. A moment later, however, we saw the stream running through in the little canal that had been cut to receive the waste water, and immediately afterwards the strong shaking of the pipe told us we had achieved our object and that a powerful spring had been struck. Soon the water poured out of the outer pipe, and the fluttering of our flag and the shouts of the workmen announced our success to the natives. In two minutes every living soul was on the spot. They tore down the palm branches that covered in the machinery. All must needs see with their own eyes this water that the French had set running in five weeks, while they would have taken five years and five times as many workmen to do it. Then up came the women of all ages, and those who could not get near the well managed to get water passed to them in the little cups of our soldiers which they drank with enthusiasm. All the people were embracing each other, and the women fairly screaming for joy."

That occasion and scene of rejoicing are of considerable significance in the history of the French occupation of North Africa. The experiment was the first of many. By-and-by the hydrological conditions of the Sahara began to reveal themselves to the French engineer. The region of the Oued Rir' is that part of the northern desert extending from Temacin and Tuggurt northward, nearly to the Atlas moun-

tains. It forms the northern portion of a vast depression, once drained by the Rir' river and its tributaries, streams which, having their birth in the ranges and plateaux of the central Sahara, flowed northward until they united at Tuggurt to form the Rir', which subsequently emptied itself into the inland sea, of which, it seems now to be generally admitted, the line of chotts or salt lakes south of Biskra form the faintly surviving traces. The reader who hears this district named after a river, and learns moreover that the fertility of its frequent oases is derived from the waters of this river, may suspect the presence of a majestic stream spreading, like a second Nile, its vivifying water over the land. He will look, however, for the Rir' in vain. The river, like the sea, has passed away. Sand and sun-polished rock occupy their place. The desert has triumphed.

And yet that triumph is not so complete as it looks. Beneath the stony or sandy surface lies what may be called the true floor of the desert, successive strata of impervious clay and rock. The rivers and torrents which descend from the mountains, partly from the vast Atlas range, but largely also from the Tademait Plateau and the Ahoggar range in the central Sahara, pass beneath the porous surface but are collected and retained within the water-tight strata beneath. Within these they circulate for vast distances, pursuing much the same courses as their currents once followed on the surface. So that, although when in mid-desert and surrounded by white sand-dunes the existence of water seems infinitely remote it may in reality often be present at a distance of only a few yards underfoot. In the Souf, which is a region of pure dunes and forms the lowest part of the great north Saharan depression, the water may often be reached by clearing away the surface sand and here is to be seen

that loveliest form of all oases, the "cup" oases, small hollows of but an acre or two in extent, the thickly clustering palm-heads of which rise barely to the level of the surrounding dunes, and which look in the distance like bright green disks inlaid in the desert's yellow surface.

The realization of this secret water system was a great stimulus to French enterprise. It was found that the waters of the Oued Rir' could be tapped in many places by the artesian process. The work has been carried on unremittingly ever since the Tamera success in 1856, which we have already described. The result has been that not only has decay in this district been arrested, but the native population, a purely oasis one, has during the French occupation more than doubled. Moreover, this larger population is living in far greater comfort and security. The oases have almost all been entirely replanted. The value of the palms has increased eight-fold, the villages have been largely rebuilt and improved. All this prosperity is of course directly due to increase in the water supply. The Oued Rir' yields to-day more than six times as much water as it used to before the French appeared on the scene.

It will be admitted, in face of these results, that the French cock has scratched in the sand to some purpose. In the desert all life is measured in water. Yonder in the hollow a tap is turned and a spring set flowing. The gardens gather round it, the heads of the palms throng taller and thicker, the village spreads along the slope. It is, you are curiously surprised to discover, the old little play that acts itself on this big, sandy stage, and under the limelight of this desert moon. There is the old gossip in the village above, the toll in the gardens below, the love-making and scheming and quarrelling. And all this hangs, as palpably as a coat upon a nail, by that jet of water

in the hollow. There is the source of all life, from the old gray-beard, who saw the first palm planted, down to the last-arrived brown baby tossed out to kick in the dust and flies. Let that tap be turned off, and instantly life fades from garden and village, and the desert resumes its sway.

It is necessary to bear these facts in mind if we would estimate correctly what is meant when it is said that the French have increased sixfold the water supply of a certain region of the desert, and what bearing that achievement is likely to have on their occupation of the Sahara and the pacification of the nomad tribes. How far the same conditions prevail elsewhere and to what extent the system of well-boring may be generally applied are questions it is impossible to answer fully as yet. Southward to Ouargla and the furthest French outpost borings have been pierced, and oases renovated, and in many places, from points of vantage, the windings of the hidden river may be traced by the spots of green which mark its course; each one of which is secretly sucking at the buried stream. Throughout part of the Tunisian desert and especially along the eastern coast, where forests of palms have been planted in the last fifty years, the artesian apparatus has been used with signal effect. There is every reason to believe that in many districts in the Sahara it can be employed, though regions as rich in water as the Oued Rir' are probably few and far between if they exist at all. The signs and cuttings of prehistoric rivers are however traceable in places throughout the central and southern deserts, and such traces may be taken to indicate the presence of subterranean water. There are certain mountain ranges, as the Borku and Tibesti groups in the East, the Ahoggar and Tademalt formations in the centre, and the Adrar range in the West, which

attract a rainfall and hold out hopes of irrigation. The great oases of the central desert at Twat, Tidikelt, and throughout the Gourara Valley are capable probably of considerable extension, and there are numbers of other spots where villages and a restricted fertility already exist, and these it is expected may be enlarged and their number added to.

On these points opinions are so varied, and information as yet so restricted, that it is impossible to speak with certainty. There seems, however, a reasonable hope that in time the Sahara may undergo such a change as will fit it to be included in a scheme of civilized organization. A settled population may increase, the trade of the old caravan routes may be revived, travelling may become safe and comparatively easy; a trans-Saharan railway may link the Sudan with the North, the control of the Government over the predatory tribes may become more tangible and effective. Such at least are the hopes of many of those who, like Fernand Foureau, are best acquainted with the subject.

At the same time we have no wish to overestimate the prospects of the French "magic," as the Arabs call the artesian process, in as far as they are at present known. There is something, indeed, so attractive, even to the mere traveller, in the creation of oases—the work strikes one as so purely beneficent, and the appeal made alike to the eye and the imagination is so emphatic—that anyone who has travelled in the desert and who remembers, as he surely will, the transition from arid wastes of sand to the dense thicket of palms, and the delight of being received from the outer glare into the green embrace of these groves, must necessarily think of the work with sympathy and be under the temptation, perhaps, to exaggerate its future prospects. Let it be stated, then, that these prospects

are still more or less problematical. We will not weary the reader with the various theories of hydrologists and engineers. There are optimists, but there are also pessimists. The moderates, however, while they agree that the hopes of the Sahara in general must not be pitched in the key of the Oued Rir', are sanguine that the work of irrigation may be so extended as to render the French occupation of the desert effective. Only time can show to what developments the process may lend itself. But in the meantime the partial uncertainty that overhangs the project does not, perhaps, detract from its interest. The Sahara is so dominating a feature of Africa, and one so singular and picturesque in aspect; it has bred a race so representative of its own fiery and intractable character; and it is being assailed by the French by methods of conquest so peculiarly appropriate, that the results of their experiments must be followed with particular interest and curiosity.

Much hangs upon the issue. The permanent nature of the artesian borings, backed by a stable form of government, has already introduced, wherever it has succeeded, a new sense of security into Arab life. The French wells apparently do not "die." The villagers, not being haunted by the fear of having to abandon their homes and push off into the waste, and not being bullied and plundered and even actually enslaved by their nomad brethren, as was the happy custom in days of yore, attach themselves permanently to the soil and range themselves on the side of law and order. But it must always be remembered that the stable form of government which protects them is itself intimately dependent on the creation of habitable centres, since it is impossible to exercise efficient control over the desert except from points of vantage within it. Thus the mitigation of desert sterility by means of oases

and springs and the pacification of the desert tribes are really identical processes. The latter proceeds from the former. The Arab and Touareg nomads are fierce and dangerous races, but it is not by armed expeditions and flying columns that they will be finally dealt with, but rather by weakening those forces in nature of which they are the outcome and whose strength is their strength. To stand in the desert, to pick up a handful of hot sand and feel it run through your fingers, is to be made aware that what the desert stands for is the principle of incoherence in nature. The Arab stands for the same thing in society. He may be trusted to flourish and exercise his peculiar gifts, to pillage and rob and plunder and generally disintegrate every existing form of social structure, so long as the conditions favorable to such an existence reign in the Sahara. In a word, what it comes to is this—that the tribes can only be subdued through the desert; the desert can only be subdued by the planting of oases; and oases can only be planted by the sinking of wells. To realize this sequence is to understand the part which an engineering process may be called upon to play in the consolidation of a great colonial empire.

The points, then, which have seemed best worth dwelling on in this brief glance at the work the French are carrying out in Africa are: First, the difference, in all that goes to make successful colonization, between their methods of the eighteenth century and those of the present time; differences so radical that the verdict that the French were "no colonizers," which grew out of the old system, may not improbably have to be reversed in face of the new. Second, the capacity they display for co-ordinating every portion of their policy and pressing it equally at all points, a capacity which is certainly at the root of the remarkable

successes they have achieved, as well as of the quietness and smoothness with which they have been achieved. And, third, the ever-present problem of the Sahara, repugnant in its very nature, it might seem, to the idea of civilization; apparently indomitable, and

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yet, it may be, strangely vulnerable; the avowed parent and ally of disorder and anarchy, but bearing within itself an element of good which admits of being appealed to, and through which a certain reformation may in time be effected.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT AS A NOVELIST.

While engaged in gossip the other day on the fascinating subject of novels, it happened to me to say that if one could conceive a first eleven of British novelists Captain Marryat would be worthy of a place in the team, though he would be one of the lag choices, not a star like Miss Austen, Scott, Fielding, Thackeray, or Dickens. My friend expressed complete dissent, and said that Marryat supplied capital reading for boys, but that was all. I venture to maintain, however, that this opinion was unjust, and at all events, though we may differ widely about Captain Marryat's merits and powers, we must all of us be pretty well convinced that of immortality he is secure. The principal subject with which his works are concerned is one of which his fellow countrymen can never grow weary, since he has painted in true life-like colors the British Navy of his day, the men who won Trafalgar and who made England indisputable mistress of the seas. Such pictures can never lose either their charm or their value.

Would it be fair or unfair to say that Marryat as an author was blessed with good luck? Did he select his subject knowing that he had it in him to do it justice, or did he stumble into literature by some happy chance? He was a sailor long before he tried his hand at writing, and accident rather

than design may quite possibly have been his guide. In any case he was well inspired, since the tasks which he undertook were exactly fitted to his capacities, and he achieved them in a manner that has left him entirely without a rival. Indeed, Marryat's descriptions stand out by themselves, and convey to his readers the idea of the Navy, its officers, petty officers, and able-bodied seamen, with a clearness and a force that have never been used in portraying any other profession. Deep is the debt of gratitude that we owe to him, though it may be confidently hoped that we have always been ready to recognize the obligation.

Like most people, Marryat in his writings reveals much of his own character, and no one will be surprised that in his boyhood he should have been a sturdy rebel, and should have run away from school upon several occasions. At length he seems to have gained his end, and in 1806, at the age of fourteen, he was entered on board the *Imperieuse*, under the famous Lord Cochrane, whom, according to the common belief, he reproduced as Captain Savage in "Peter Simple." If so, it is pleasing to think that the stormy lad must have been very fond of his first commander, for Captain Savage is a splendid fellow, and is drawn with a most sympathetic hand.

But it is with Marryat's writings

that we are engaged, and if he was fortunate in his introduction to sea life it can hardly be said that he was equally fortunate in his introduction to literature. "Frank Mildmay, or The Naval Officer," with which in 1829 he commenced his career as a novelist, is not an agreeable book, nor is it constructed with any artistic skill. It consists of a series of adventures piled one on top of the other, and its realism would seem to be its only virtue. None of the characters claim much attention or excite our interest, and when we learn that the tale brought no less a sum than £400 into the pockets of its author, we are inclined to open our eyes in wonder.

It would, however, be easy to indulge in many speculations as to the causes which have led some great writers to give us of their very best in their earliest works, while others have mounted the ladder of fame by gradual steps. Scott with "Waverley," Dickens with "Pickwick," Thackeray with "Vanity Fair" are in the one class; but in the case of Fielding, "Joseph Andrews" preceded "Tom Jones," and with Miss Austen—but which *was* the first of Miss Austen's novels? If we simply judge by the dates of publication the answer is "Sense and Sensibility," but "Northanger Abbey" and "Pride and Prejudice" can put in their own claims for precedence, and we cannot therefore speak with decision about the queen of fiction. The subject is so enticing that one might gladly pursue it through many pages, quoting such instances as Henry Kingsley, who, in consideration of "Geoffrey Hamlyn," must be placed in the same list as Scott, or, on the other hand, Wilkie Collins, who wrote several almost forgotten stories before he attained the high level of "The Woman in White" and "The Moonstone"; but one must not yield to the temptation. Suffice it to say that Marryat did not write

"Peter Simple" or "Midshipman Easy" or "The Dog Fiend" until he had served a sort of apprenticeship to his trade.

To readers who desire to gain instruction as well as pleasure from their reading, every novel which Marryat wrote about life at sea may safely be recommended. His events are events which really happened, and of which Marryat was cognizant; this characteristic never fails to impress one, and it supports the books that do not abound with humor or plot. I cannot pretend that I particularly enjoy "The King's Own" or "Percival Keene" or "Newton Forster," but I know that in them I find men (I am dubious about the women) who actually lived, and whose acquaintance I am glad to make. This is certainly no small matter. Still, as with all artists, Marryat's fame must depend upon the best of his works, and of these I should be inclined to place six in the very foremost rank: "Peter Simple," "Mr. Midshipman Easy," "The Dog Fiend, or Snarleywow," "Jacob Faithful," and the two most enchanting children's books that the world ever saw, "The Children of the New Forest" and "The Settlers in Canada."

In "Frank Mildmay" there is a large amount of savagery; "The King's Own" abounds with horrors; but when Marryat grew skilled in his art he relied far more upon wit and geniality to attract, and he made vast improvements in the delineation of character. It would be almost impossible to name a hero for whom we can entertain more thorough sympathy than the gay, gallant O'Brien in "Peter Simple." He is always capable, always brave, and I think it may be asserted with strict truth that he is never exaggerated. His captivity in France, ending with his brilliant escape from prison, strikes one as absolutely real, and it is told with a masterly arrangement of details, not too many and not

too few, "part seen, imagined part." This happy power over details is perhaps one of Marryat's most conspicuous merits. For the other two leading personages in the book, Peter Simple himself and the inimitable Mr. Chucks, we cannot exactly claim a total absence of exaggeration, but they are unsurpassed representatives of their respective types, and if their pictures are somewhat highly colored the coloring in no way spoils the effect; indeed, it probably has the very opposite result. No boy may ever have said or done all the silly things that are attributed to Peter Simple, but it is hard to conceive how a story of the conversion of a lad not over-burdened with sense or brains into an excellent officer could be told in a manner more convincing. And Mr. Chucks, the boat-swain, with his two natures! We can only mourn that the exigencies of the service forced Captain Marryat to leave him in the command of a Swedish instead of an English frigate. Of his celebrated speeches, which were said by O'Brien to resemble the siren of the poet, being very fair at the upper part of them, but shocking at the lower extremities, I may give one mild example. Mr. Chucks is addressing an unfortunate man who has stumbled against him, and then excused himself with the plea that the ship had lurched:

"The ship lurched, did it, and pray. Mr. Cooper, why has Heaven granted you two legs with joints at the knees except to enable you to counteract the horizontal deviation? Do you suppose they were meant for nothing but to work round a cask with? Hark, sir! did you take me for a post to scrub your pig's hide against? Allow me just to observe, Mr. Cooper—just to insinuate that when you pass an officer it is your duty to keep at a respectable distance, and not to soil his clothes with your rusty iron jacket. Do you comprehend me, sir, or will this make you

recollect in future?" The rattan was raised and descended in a shower of blows until the cooper made his escape into the head. "There, take that, you contaminating, stave-dubbing, gimlet-carrying quintessence of a bung-hole."

There is another petty officer, Swinburne, who deserves a laudatory notice, and who is made to give an account of the battle of St. Vincent, in which he was engaged, such as rouses the blood. It seems to let one into the very inmost interior of a naval fight, and, above all, it shows how very hard victory was to win, except when a ship could be carried by boarders. This last impression is also conveyed by other descriptions of contemporary conflicts at sea, notably by Fenimore Cooper in his fine novel, "Miles Wallingford," wherein the history of the encounter between the *Black Prince* and the *Speedy* with the *Cerf* and the *Desirée* is as minute as it is vivid. But Swinburne is perhaps still better. His narrative, commencing with "The first I heard of it was when old Sir John (Jervis) called out to Sir Isaac (Coffin), 'Who killed the Spanish messenger?' 'Not I, by God,' replied Sir Isaac, 'I only left him for dead,' and then they both laughed, and so did Nelson, who was sitting with them," down to its close where Nelson stands on the deck of the *San Josef* and receives the swords of his enemies, is about as racy and spirited as a narrative can be. Once read, it cannot be forgotten.

Southey wrote good prose, and it may be of interest to compare two somewhat similar passages, each of which contains an account of the order to board the *San Nicolas* towards the close of the action. Captain Marryat can well bear the comparison. Here is Southey in his "Life of Nelson":

The *San Nicolas* luffing up, the *San Josef* fell on board her, and Nelson resumed his station abreast of them and close alongside. The Captain (Nel-

son's ship) was now incapable of further service either in the line or in chase; she had lost her foretop-mast; not a sail, shroud, or rope was left, and her wheel was shot away. Nelson therefore directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and, calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

And here is Marryat:

The *San Nicolas*, knowing that the *Excellent's* broadside would send her to old Nick, put her helm up to avoid being raked; in so doing she fell foul of the *San Josef*, a Spanish three-decker, and we (i.e., the *Captain*) being all cut to pieces and unmanageable, all of us indeed reeling about like drunken men, Nelson ordered his helm a-starboard, and in a jiffy there we were all three hugging each other, running in one another's guns, smashing our chain-plates and poking our yard-arms through each other's canvas. "All hands to board," roared Nelson, leaping on the hammocks and waving his sword.

It may be that "Mr. Midshipman Easy" is not quite equal to "Peter Simple." In bolisterous fun and in dashing adventure it excels, but certainly there is no O'Brien, Jack himself tends to the grotesque, and his servant, the valiant Mesty, is not wholly unsuited to melodrama. Still, there is no doubt about the fun and the adventures. The inimitable triangular duel where the combatants fire with the sun and the gunner gives the word as if he were exercising the guns on board ship: "Cock your locks! take good aim at the object! Fire! Stop your vents," is a truly priceless possession. Jack also is very great when he rescues Gascoigne from his insane desire to take a Moorish maiden to wife, and in the process of the rescue finds it needful to carry off the British Vice-Consul in the clothes of a woman. Especially pleasing is the discomfiture of the outraged official when he fails to obtain redress for his wrongs:

Mr. Hicks was too impatient to tell his wrongs to care for being in his sister's clothes; he came on board, and, although the tittering was great, he imagined that it would soon be all in his favor, when it was known that he was a diplomatic. He told his story and waited for the decision of the admiral which was to crush our hero, who stood with the midshipmen on the lee side of the deck. But the admiral replied, "Mr. Hicks, in the first place this appears to me to be a family affair with which I have nothing to do. You went on board of your own free will in woman's clothes; Mr. Easy's orders were positive and he obeyed them. It was his duty to sail as soon as the transport was ready. The boat is alongside, sir." Mr. Hicks, astonished at the want of respect paid to a Vice-Consul, shoved his petticoats between his legs and went down the side amidst the laughter of the whole of the ship's company.

Then we have some splendid fighting both on sea and land, notably in the engagement between the *Aurora* and the Russian frigate *Trident*, and in the defence of Don Reblera's mansion against the galley-slaves with their atrocious leader. Delightful, too, is Sir Thomas, the Governor of Malta, with his boyish heart and his ardent love for the yarns which Jack, out of his own experiences, was always able to supply. And there is a touch of true pathos in the history of poor Martin, who had waited long for well-earned promotion with hopes that ever dwindled, and who died of a wound received in the action which would at length have secured it to him. One may suppose that "Peter Simple" and "Mr. Midshipman Easy" are Marryat's two most popular novels and that they are likely to remain so.

"Jacob Faithful" is not a story of the sea, but it is a story of our most famous river, and nowhere else shall we find such descriptions of life on the Thames or of the quaint population

that formerly dwelt by the waterside. After the lapse of two generations, we still like to read of Marables and Fleming, though we do not imagine that in these days barges are used by burglars to conceal their plunder, and we still rejoice in Old Tom, and Young Tom, too, though we know that lighters are no longer controlled by men who had sailed under Nelson and his fellow captains, and who never missed a glass of rum, or an opportunity of fighting their battles once again over their favorite liquor. We cannot hope to run across the wherry of deaf Stapleton with his peculiar knowledge of human nature and his weakness for prize-fighting, but in Marryat's pages he will always be welcome; there is, in fact, a wonderful lot of "go" about most of Jacob's comrades. In Jacob himself, Marryat reverts in a minor measure to the temperament which he has described in "Frank Mildmay," and shows us a man in whom circumstances can easily raise a savage and revengeful spirit. But with Jacob Faithful we are generally in sympathy. He does not outrage our feelings, whereas Frank Mildmay is, to speak quite candidly, rather a brute. Then Mary Stapleton, the old boatman's daughter, is worth a word. Marryat's most devoted admirers would hardly maintain that he was strong in his delineation of womankind. His lady heroines, Agnes, Celeste, and the rest of them, are faint, uninteresting creatures, who exist because Jack Easy, Peter Simple, and others must find some one they can marry, since marriage only can put an end to their histories. But Mary Stapleton is much superior to these conventional puppets, and I think she affords us the best piece of petticoat work that Marryat ever executed. She somehow contrives to retain our sympathy, though her powers of flirtation were exercised in a manner most indiscriminate, most

worthy of fault-finding, and though she did desperate, almost irreparable harm. And, at any rate, when she and Jacob, as boy and girl, exchanged lessons in love and Latin, she must have been in her own robust style an attractive sort of mistress or pupil.

Now tell me, what is Latin? Latin is a language which people spoke in former times, but now they do not. Well then, you shall make love to me in Latin, that's agreed. And how do you mean to answer me? Oh, in plain English to be sure. But how are you to understand me? replied I, much amused with the conversation. Oh, if you make love properly I shall soon understand you. I shall read the English of it in your eyes. Very well, I have no objection, when am I to begin? Why directly, you stupid fellow, to be sure, what a question! I went close up to Mary and repeated a few words of Latin. Now, says I, look into my eyes and see if you can translate them. Something impudent I'm sure, replied she, fixing her blue eyes upon mine. Not at all, replied I, I only asked for this, and I snatched a kiss, in return for which I received a box on the ear, which made it tingle for five minutes.

The "Dog Fiend, or Snarleyyow" is a very curious novel and quite apart from its fellows; indeed, I know of nothing like it anywhere. Perhaps we may call it a very auspicious effort at an imaginative book by a man who did not usually rely upon imagination for his driving force. Here we have none of Nelson's sailors, but are transported back into the days of William the Third, and although some British seamen appear, the scenes are for the most part laid in Holland, while it is not in their names only that Mr. Vanslyperken, the Widow Vanderslooth, and Corporal Van Spitter are Dutch. Of the nationality of Snarleyyow himself no one may speak. The dog was held to have come on board Mr. Vanslyperken's cutter in a mysterious and

supernatural manner, and that is all. Of Smallbones, the lad who was the dog's chief enemy and rival, it may be inferred that he was English, though his parentage was unknown, and he seems to have drifted on to the decks of the *Yungfrau* as a misguided foundling. In the "Dog Fiend," therefore, Captain Marryat was no longer describing familiar objects, and if we allow, as I should do, that in this venture he was really successful, we must own that he was at all events something much more than a mere narrator of stories out of real life, upon whom the fates had bestowed the blessing of an appropriate style.

Saul, as one has read, was enrolled amongst the prophets unexpectedly; Marryat has lately been enrolled amongst the poets—witness the "Lyra Heroica" of Mr. Henley—and it may be that his inclusion in the sacred band has caused surprise. But Mr. Henley was, I think, justified in his selection. He gives four verses only, but they are so spirited that I venture to quote them in full:

The Captain stood on the carronade.

"First Lieutenant," says he,

"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me,

I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons, because I'm bred to the sea.

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.

Odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea

I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory.

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*

'Tis a thousand bullets to one that she will capture we.

I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys, so each man to his gun,

If she's not mine in half an hour I'll flog each mother's son."

Odds bobs, &c.

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough.

"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff."

Our Captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he*,

"I haven't the gift of the gab, Monsieur, but polite I wish to be."

Odds bobs, &c.

Our Captain sent for us all, "My merry men," said he,

"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be.

You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun,

If you hadn't you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son."

Odds bobs, &c.

These few lines may almost be said to contain Marryat in microcosm. There is his dash, his swing, his rude sense of humor, his patriotism, all expressed in a manner rough, but singularly effective. There is, perhaps, no suggestion of actual coarseness, but one might guess that the writer could be coarse, as Marryat certainly was at times. No one ever called a spade more emphatically a spade, and when Thackeray declared that no novelist since the days of Fielding had been allowed to describe a real man, he must surely have forgotten such heroes as Frank Mildmay, whose transgressions are told as freely as those of Tom Jones. It is not, however, on account of any coarseness that objection is likely to be raised against the "Dog Fiend," but the horrors with which it is rather amply supplied must unquestionably prove overpowering to sensitive organizations. More robust readers may find compensation in the relieving stream of queer, grim—some might say grimy—fun that pervades the book. At all events, when an author makes an entertaining story out of repellent materials, he gives a proof that he understands his business, and few will deny that in the present instance Marryat has shown great

ability. None but himself could so triumphantly have kept up the telling but very peculiar condition of superstitious terror with which Smallbones is regarded by Vanslyperken, and Snarleyow by the sailors, who could never make sure whether "de tog was but a tog," or whether "de tog is no tog after all."

Captain Marryat had retired from the Navy in 1830, after a *véry* distinguished service. He had been presented with the medal of the Humane Society, and had saved some ten or twelve lives at sea, in several cases at great personal risk. He had received due recognition in France as well as in England for meritorious work in science and navigation. In 1837 and 1838, after he had become famous as a novelist, he had paid a long visit to the United States and to Canada, his reception in the United States having been uncertain. In some places, his daughter says, he was feasted, in others he was burned in effigy. What offence he may have given I know not, but the feasting may have been justly due to a comical quarrel with Fenimore Cooper over American food, in which Marryat praised and Cooper found fault. Some account of the matter may be found in "Miles Wallingford."

It was not till 1841, when he was just upon fifty-one years of age, that Captain Marryat wrote "Masterman Ready," the first of those children's books which many people regard as the most charming of all his writings. I have heard it said, truly or otherwise, that Marryat was irritated by the many impossibilities that may be found in the pages of the "Swiss Family Robinson," and that he determined to publish a story of the same kind which should be free from such blemishes. If this were the case I scarcely think that he can be very heartily congratulated. I do not boast that I ever got

to the end of the adventures of the Swiss family—if indeed they ever reached any particular end—but the earlier part of the tale, enlivened by an extreme simplicity that is nowhere else to be met with, seems to me much superior to anything in "Masterman Ready." It is only as the forerunner of better things that we can hail Marryat's initial attempt at this class of literature with sincere satisfaction. But it is my fervent belief as well as hope, that as long as there are children of English birth two of "Masterman Ready's" successors, "The Settlers in Canada" and "The Children of the New Forest," will find enthusiastic lovers.

"The Settlers in Canada" came out in 1844, while Marryat's reminiscences of his visit to that country were still comparatively fresh. An English family are unexpectedly deprived of their possessions and decide upon emigration as their wisest course. There are the father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, four sons and two nieces; and the youngest son John is a veritable gem. He is very youthful, about ten years old, very silent, and a backwoodsman born. He insists from the outset on having his own rifle and his own fishing-rod, and before the end of the first winter he saves his two cousins from a hungry wolf who attacks them on their way to the cow-house, having first killed Sancho, the faithful old dog who has been accustomed to act as their guardian. The description is perfect. Of the two girls, one has fainted while the other is nearly in the same condition.

If John showed gallantry in shooting the wolf he certainly showed very little towards his cousins. He looked at Mary, nodded his head towards the wolf's body, and saying, "He's dead," shouldered his rifle, turned round and walked back to the house. He was duly questioned on his return, for the

family had heard the shot, and he at last stated that he had shot a wolf. "A wolf! where?" said Mr. Campbell. "At the cow-lodge," replied John. "The cow-lodge," said his father. "Yes; killed Sancho." "Killed Sancho! Why Sancho was with your cousins!" "Yes," replied John. "Then where did you leave them?" "With the wolf," replied John, wiping his rifle very coolly. At this all the younger men seized their guns and rushed out. "My poor girls," exclaimed Mr. Campbell. "Wolf's dead, father," said John. "Dead! Why didn't you say so, you naughty boy?" cried Mrs. Campbell. "I wasn't asked," replied John.

John is equally grand when, with overweening confidence, and intent upon fishing, he sets forth alone in the punt which gets carried away by the force of the river. He is fortunately rescued and brought home.

"John, you have frightened me very much," said Mrs. Campbell, "how could you be so imprudent. See what a narrow escape you have had." "I should have been at Montreal to-morrow morning," said John laughing. "No, never, you would have been upset in the rapids long before you could get to Montreal." "Well, mother, I can swim," replied John.

One can fancy how Marryat would revel in depicting this small dare-devil.

But it is not in John only that one rejoices; it is in the whole atmosphere of the book. The clearing of the timber, the hunting in the snow, the long nights of the winter, the fire in the forest, the bear and the sugar-coolers, with many another scene, all told with that happy mastery of detail to which I have before alluded; the result is entrancing, no less.

I will not do so great an offence, to my own feelings if to no one else's, as to enter into any comparison between "The Settlers in Canada" and "The Children of the New Forest." I made

acquaintance with this latter book one day at my private school, a heavenly day when I was kept in bed with no lessons to do as a precaution against an illness which never came. There I read of the ingenious Humphrey, a worthy compeer of the sturdy John, of how he captured the hare in his springe, the wild cow in his pit, and the ponies in the snowdrift. Then, after perusing with careful study the sage instructions of Jacob Armitage, I erroneously believed myself to be capable of stalking and shooting a deer, still more erroneously that I should be able, from its antlers, to decide whether it were a brocket, a staggart, a warrantable stag, or a hart royal. I also fancied that I might with very little practice vie with Alice in cooking a stew of venison. In short, the tale, with all its wonderful mingling of the practical with the picturesque trifles which make up life, laid hold of me with a grasp that can never lose its force. I rejoice still to dip into it on occasions, and now one feature which to a boy passed without notice strikes me as rather notable. In "The Children of the New Forest," which, I think, was the last work published during his lifetime, Captain Marryat once more gives us a hero prone to revenge. Edward Beverley, the elder brother of Humphrey, had certainly wrongs enough, inasmuch as his father had been killed at Naseby, and his house had been burned down by the Puritans either through carelessness or by intention during their search for King Charles the First after his escape from Hampton Court. Edward, with his brother and his two sisters, were saved from destruction by a devoted old forester, Jacob Armitage, who took them to his cottage and brought them up as his grandchildren, allowing the world to believe that the young Beverleys had all perished. That Edward, therefore, should desire to re-

tallate upon his foes was only natural, but his vengeance fell upon quite the wrong people. Mr. Heatherstone, a moderate supporter of Cromwell and a man of much influence, discovered the Beverleys under their assumed names and suspected their identity. He behaved to them, and especially to Edward, with studious and most delicate kindness, but at last, owing to some misunderstanding which might easily have been cleared up, he aroused very unreasonable indignation in Edward's breast. As a consequence, Beverley, though by this time deeply in love with Mr. Heatherstone's daughter, took himself off abroad in a very ungracious and ungrateful manner, and it was beyond his deserts that the fair Patience should ultimately forgive his conduct. The episode leads one to think that Captain Marryat to his dying day must have been uncommonly swift at resenting an injury.

That Marryat's vigor never failed is proved by the fact that in 1847 he applied to the Admiralty to be employed on active service at sea, the applica-

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tion being inspired by the belief that a change of life would be beneficial to his health. The Admiralty sent a refusal, as under the circumstances they were obliged to do, but it is said that the answer was received with a storm of wrath. Captain Marryat died in August 1848, his death being hastened by the loss of his eldest son in the steam frigate *Avenger*.

In this short sketch I have omitted purposely to mention the novels which deal with life on land, such as "Japhet in Search of a Father," "The Poacher," "Valerie," and others, nor have I alluded to that weird production, "The Phantom Ship." It is not that I would quarrel with any verdict, however favorable, that might be delivered on these works, but that I cannot conceive that they play much real part in supporting Marryat's title to eternal fame. That fame surely rests upon two distinct pillars, the children's books of which I have said so much, and still more assuredly on the unique, glowing pictures of the old English Navy.

Iddesleigh.

"MERE TECHNIQUE."

In the course of the recent enquiry into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest many things have become clear, and among others one that has been somewhat of a surprise, namely, that in the minds of elderly people conversant with art, the "French Peril" still looms large. It has been constantly declared that French influence on English art is degrading and pernicious, and this though most of our leading artists have derived part at least of their art education in Paris. One had thought that this bogey of French influence had been laid some

time ago, and we suspect that these expressions of alarm are only the dying echoes of a fierce controversy that once raged about a certain picture by Degas. At that time the watchword of the guardians of our national purity was the sneer of "mere technique." It was supposed that our artists might be feeble draughtsmen and dull executants, but that at least they were pure and noble in aim, while the French painters displayed extraordinary dexterity and technical science upon subjects that revealed a moral depravity, shocking to our purer feelings. Now

it is probably true that there are more artists in France than in England who display a perverse and morbid curiosity about what is repulsive; or rather there were, for the present generation is as free from such types, as it is apparently from any strong and determining bias whatever.

The question of morality in art is not one that I propose to discuss now, but in passing it is permissible to wonder whether from this point of view the tendencies of French art are really so deleterious, whether there is not even more moral soundness in their lucid classification of the motives of conduct, their frank recognition of the satyr-element as such, than in that "flimsy sentimentalism," that "sham spiritualism" whereby the "under-brute" in us makes itself felt, pleasantly enough, but so well concealed that blame attaches only to those who discover the cause, not to those who enjoy the effect. Were it once recognized how much the success of a modern popular picture, play, or drawing-room song depends on this element, we might be inclined to clamor for a genuine puritanism or for a more honest psychology, as either way preferable to our ingenious methods of self-deception.

But, while admitting freely that in the greater part of the nineteenth century French art has been far more vital, and, from an artistic point of view, far purer and more disinterested than English, the fact remains that it is just in "mere technique" used in its proper sense that French painting most conspicuously fails. It is just in this question of technique that there appears to be more hope of a genuine revival in England than in France. Certainly French painters seem to have forgotten more entirely than we have those principles and practices which alone conduce to beautiful technique in oil painting. The student, at

the end of some years' training in the Paris studios, will have been taught no single word about the varying properties of pigments, grounds, and mediums. He is taught drawing of a kind, and his color may be criticised, though even here no constructive principles are hinted at; but with regard to technique proper he is left to his own and the artists' colorman's conscience. He knows far less about the qualities of his materials than the average house-painter. The result of this is that modern painting, while it displays great skill in means of representation of objects, only achieves its end by a mishandling of the materials. It is only possible to enjoy modern painting by looking *through* the canvas, not *at* it; by considering only the objects whose image is placed before one, not the images in themselves. To make this criticism more intelligible to the uninitiated, one may suppose a square inch of canvas, cut out of the sky of Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne*, placed beside a similar square inch from the sky of almost any modern landscape. In the one case we should have a surface suggestive of infinity, almost as elusive, as indefinable and unanalyzable as a portion of sky itself; in the other, just a slab of flat pigment somewhat irregularly and casually laid on, having no beauty of its own apart from what it might acquire as representation when restored to its original surroundings. As a surface, it would be actually less inviting to the eye, less pleasurable as substance, than a good piece of house-painter's work.

This is as obvious to those who have learned to look at pictures and not through them, as it will appear incredible to those whose senses have not been quickened by attention, to perceive the subtle but highly significant differences of the surface qualities of things.

In the works of all the old masters up to about 1830 one may find infinite

diversities of technique, infinite varieties of surface quality, but up to that date one may almost say that no artist ever left his picture without bringing it to a point where it possessed some inherent beauty of surface quality, a beauty independent of its meaning as representation, a beauty almost equally evident if the picture be looked at upside down. And since that date, there has been an increasing indifference to the actual *matière* of painting, so that to find any painting which could give pleasure of the same kind as, say, a piece of lacquer or fine glass, has been altogether an exception of the rarest kind.

Whence comes this extraordinary indifference so new in the history of art and so disconcerting to the discriminating lover of what is materially fine? It is, I think, only one aspect of a phenomenon which can be traced in all our handiwork. Whether we look at our houses, our furniture, our dress, or any of the implements of daily life, we shall find in all the evidence of a progressive degradation of the actual quality of the material, and accompanied with this a progressive loss in the majority of mankind of the power to perceive quality, the power to recognize rapidly those minute visible distinctions by which we can judge of the nature and consistency of objects. These visible differences are often very slight, while the significance for the imagination and the feelings that depend on their recognition may be great. Thus in modern "Art" villas we may see what looks like oak timbering and plaster, but what on closer inspection turns out to be merely a thin board, stuck on to the plaster front of the house instead of a solid support. A succession of such deceptive imitations (deceptive only to the untrained eye) in architecture and in all the arts has resulted in the growth of a public which literally does not notice anything

more than the vague general impression of objects. I am not here arguing a moral point such as Ruskin did in his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*. I see no reason why shams should not be beautiful, but I merely wish to call attention to the degradation of the sense of the actual material consistency of things as indicated by subtle visual impressions which has taken place in the last hundred years.

That this has something to do with the development of machinery is a natural surmise, and probably a correct one, though as we have seen in the case of painting it has taken place quite as strikingly in a craft where machinery plays no direct part. Nor is it at first sight obvious why the perfection of machinery should bring about this change, for it means primarily merely an increased control of the means of production. The potter's wheel was a machine, but it implied the creation, not the destruction of an art. The printing press was a machine, but for fifty years after its invention it was only used to produce works of real artistic beauty. Nor does one see why the substitution of mineral or mechanically formed substances for those due to organic processes, of iron for wood, or celluloid for bone, should necessarily imply loss of beauty. Some of the most beautiful substances we know are the result of processes of crystallization acting in circumstances which prevent too great a regularity, and I cannot help imagining that if ever again the world becomes enamored of beautiful matter it will have at its disposal means for its production hitherto unimagined. But for the present the effect of scientific perfection of machinery has made altogether in the opposite direction. The increased control of the means of production has coincided with a curious indifference to the beauty of the results.

Beauty in almost any piece of handiwork is the result of human design acting on the chance disposition of things, using whatever in those chance arrangements is felicitous, discarding the superfluous; but the tendency of machinery has been to get rid of chance too entirely, to make surfaces that are uniform and dead, instead of surfaces which give one at one and the same time the abstract geometrical idea of the form and a sense of the conflicting inequality of the material.

Thus, in the case of glass, the modern shop front is, no doubt, a triumph of mechanical skill perfectly adapted for the primary object for which it is made, but as material it has no charm, it eludes us altogether; while in certain panes of old glass, like those bevelled ones at Hampton Court Palace, certain scarcely perceptible inequalities of surface and color remind us of its existence as we look through it, and we get again that delightful play of two complementary forces, the inherent nature of the material on the one hand and its subordination to human purpose on the other, which underlies our delight in the products of human handiwork. If we are ever to live amid beautiful surroundings once more, machinery must be taught to make use of the grain of matter, not contradict and override it in search of an abstract and geometrical perfection. The American ideal is to make a "fool-proof" machine—an ideal which implies in the near future a race of fools to tend it. Is it not possible to conceive that the desire for beauty, which is surely innate and eternal in the human mind, may reassert itself, and our complex modern machinery become like the potter's wheel, the servant of a cunning craftsman, not the master of a foolish drudge?

What is to be hoped for, then, is an increased sensibility to the beautiful significance of matter, an increased de-

sire on the part of men to surround themselves, not with what is merely costly and impressive to a casual glance, but with what is precious and desirable, with objects that reveal the full splendor and choiceness of their substance only to an accustomed and habitual gaze.

Nothing, perhaps, shows at once the degradation of our sensibilities in the past, nor gives better hope for the future, in England at least, than the condition of the gilder's craft. Of all the precious substances with which man has loved to surround himself, none has warmed his heart more than gold, and as though to prove that his love for it was genuine and disinterested, and not merely a miser's greed, he has found how to enjoy its lustre, even its suggestions of mass and of malleability—all of which are part of its comfortable message to the eye—to enjoy these without wasteful extravagance by discovering the art of gilding; and there are indeed few arts upon which he has expended more care or arrived at a greater pitch of perfection. In the later middle ages, when the crafts were highly organized, it was often a separate craft from the painter's, and the painter was debarred from an amateurish practice of the gilder's art. He was forced to take his altarpiece to the gilder to have his gold background laid in for him. And at a time when painting also was a highly scientific craft, gilding was no less honored, so that the gilt frame of an altarpiece by Botticelli cost more than the painting itself. One might, indeed, almost venture the paradox that the decay of painting begins when the picture costs more than the frame.

But to return to the gilder's art. In the fourteenth to fifteenth centuries the tradition of gilding handed down from earlier times reached the highest perfection. The most elaborate care was spent on the preparation of the gesso

foundation and its covering of dull red, calculated to produce the finest effects of color in the gold which overlaid it. The effect is, to the trained eye, incomparable, and no damage to early paintings is more difficult of reparation than that effected by the substitution of perfunctory modern gilding for the sombre glow of a mediæval gold background. With the growth of the power of realization in painting, gilding gradually sank to an inferior craft, and it was only with the French furniture makers of the eighteenth century that it again revived, once more to sink into complete insignificance in the nineteenth century. So great was the ignorance of what constituted beauty of quality in a gilt surface, that when Whistler, one of the few artists of modern times who had any delicacy or scruple about material beauty, decorated the Peacock Room, he was satisfied with gilding his surfaces in a way which would have been instantly condemned by a mediæval artist, and would have provoked the polite contempt of those Oriental craftsmen he attempted to imitate.

From the publication by Mrs. Herringham of an admirable annotated translation of the *Trattato* of Cennino Cennini, a fourteenth century book of painter's receipts, dates a revival which one may hope will have far-reaching consequences. Several ladies, inspired by her teaching, have devoted themselves to gilding according to Cennino's rules, with results which are surprising. Gilding done thus is a much more laborious and costly process, but the result is incomparably superior to the ordinary trade gilding. It has at once massiveness, brilliance, and sobriety, and no one who has once become sensitive to the difference in quality between work produced by this means and that due to modern methods would ever again be satisfied with the latter.

I have insisted thus on gilding, be-

cause I believe that it is only by encouraging a discriminating and active choice of what is materially fine in the products of the minor crafts, that people may gradually come to demand of the painter that he also shall create, not merely a more or less convincing image of things seen, but a beautiful substance, a thing which has the material splendor of precious stones or lacquer, and which adds to that beauty whatever is possible of significant interpretation of nature.

Before entering further on the question of the technique of painting it may be well to meet an objection likely enough to rise—the objection of the cultivated layman—that technique is the artist's business, and that he is no more concerned with how the artist produces a picture than with how his cook prepares an aspic. In both cases, the proof lies in his enjoyment. My answer is that the taste of the public does affect the artist's work, as the gourmet's palate affects his cook's methods, and that from a variety of causes the taste of the average picture buyer has got so far blunted that he fails to distinguish those subtler shades of quality which make really all the difference. Or, to stick to our analogy, his cook, from not being brought to book occasionally, has drifted into slovenly ways and serves dishes of which he would once have been ashamed. Moreover, I do not so much invite him to understand how certain beauties are produced as to recognize by a rekindled attention whether they are present in a painting or not.

And for the proper understanding of this question of technique, we must revert to our former consideration that one element in the beauty of human handiwork lies in the conflict between chance and design, a conflict in which chance is not so much defeated as made an unconscious tributary to its opponent.

In every medium of expression that the artist has at his disposal there is this element of chance; the actual material properties that the medium happens to possess react constantly and in the subtlest manner upon the artist, and claim their share in the ultimate work of art. It is only when there is this perfect co-operation, this final harmony between chance and design, that we get full beauty; beauty which cannot come by a forceful and insensitive contradiction of the essential nature of the material in which the artist works. Something analogous to this may be found in the effect of rhyme in poetry, where the chance of one word rhyming with another is the very element out of which the creator produces his finest effects. From the point of view of technique, Keats' phrase "to trace their shadows with the magic hand of chance" is pregnant. And as Keats admitted that the accident of rhyme helped him to ideas, so in the art of design even the artist's vision of nature may be modified by the medium he uses.

In all the complex factors which go to make a work of art what it is, which make it expressive for us of such a wide horizon of human experience, this of the chance properties of matter must not be lost sight of. We are accustomed to extol the unerring certainty of the master's hand, but in proportion as the hand that draws is masterly will it be sensitive to the slightest variations of friction between the point and the surface, and adapt itself to them. And unconsciously this reaction will affect his vision, so that he chooses for expression a different set of facts in the thing seen according to the material in which he works. The clinging of the silver-point to the prepared surface will impose a slow unaccented line, perfectly fitted for that intimate and continuous exploration of the exact form of a contour throughout

its whole length, which is the striking characteristic of primitive design. The easier movement of chalk over the surface of paper, the difference in intensity of color produced by pressure on the point, induces such an accented and flowing line, more unified and more summary, as we find in Andrea del Sarto's *Sanguines*. The pen again for beautiful expression inclines the hand to a more rapid stroke, and artists like Raphael adapted their view of nature perfectly to its requirements, giving not so much a complete account of the contour as rapid and subtly adjusted indications.

I have taken the simplest modes of expression as those in which it is easiest to see the effect of the material element on design, and in all of these the precise quality of the material is of the utmost importance. Cennino Cennini tells us elaborately how to prepare paper for the silver-point. One has to begin by gathering up the chicken bones under the dining-room table, and grinding them to a fine powder. I do not say that chicken bones obtained in some other way might not do equally well, or that his frequent direction to the artist to leave a concoction while he says one paternoster and three aves need be followed literally, but in all the forms of artistic expression which I have described, the modern indifference to quality of material has led to a loss of the chances of beauty. Above all, the artists' colorman with his ingenious imitations, which are "equal" to the original, have led the artist astray. The native black and red Italian chalks are difficult to obtain and variable in quality, so the colorman has compounded imitation sticks of chalk which are absolutely reliable and of even grain, but which have not got just that vitality of color and tone which makes all the difference. Moreover, the modern artist will look in

vain for a good paper, whether for drawing or for wash. A hard mechanical perfection of surface, or an imitation of the grain naturally resulting from proper manufacture, subsequently impressed, render modern paper, especially that made purposely for artists, unsympathetic and unsuitable. The toughness, the absorbency, the hardness, and the grain of paper, have all been profoundly modified by modern processes of manufacture, and so far as the artist is concerned all for the worse. It would be quite impossible to produce on modern water-color paper the effects of pure translucent wash which we find in a Girtin or a Cotman.

And with the change of material has coincided a change of aim. The water-color *drawing* has become the water-color *painting*, a thing produced by washing in and then sponging out, stippling and scrubbing, till at last the unwilling and by now completely characterless material has yielded a result comparable to an oil painting—a result in which beauty of material has been entirely sacrificed to completeness of representation. When this is framed with a glaring and equally characterless gold mount, it will do almost as well as an oil painting and probably will cost less.

But again, in England at least, there are signs of a re-awakened scrupulosity, a revived regard for the inevitable conditions of beautiful expression. At a recent show of work by a young artist, the Hon. Neville Lytton, were to be seen drawings in silver-point, in chalk, and in wash which, whatever failings they may have had in other respects, were all wrought out with a keen sense of what is fine in the material basis of expression. The water-colors were real water-color drawings, in which the rendering of nature was carried just as far as the material in hand and the artist's power could go,

and no further. He had stayed his hand at the point where beauty of quality would have been sacrificed to an unnecessary completeness of representation.

In oil painting, beautiful quality is infinitely more difficult of attainment than in any other medium. One frequently hears students and amateurs, impressed solely with the idea of art as representation and not as beautiful creation, speak of oil painting as so easy because you can always alter and re-paint. There could not be a more serious mistake; and the fact that it should ever be made shows how completely the tradition of oil painting has died out from our art schools. Oil painting was practised for many centuries as a scientific, elaborate, and highly difficult technique, before the disastrous discovery was made that even if you took no trouble in laying on the paint, if you painted anyhow, you could yet produce a certain verisimilitude to natural effects. And as about the middle of the nineteenth century the desire for verisimilitude in art had grown to absurd proportions, the medium which by its misuse could best pander to the taste became, *par excellence*, the medium of artistic expression, and the word artist synonymous with one who maltreated oil pigment. The monstrous yearly exhibitions, with all their grotesque apparatus of catchpenny sentimental and anecdotic nonsense, have completed the decay, and now one could wish for nothing better from an artistic and omnipotent Kaiser, than the total prohibition of oil painting for at least twenty years.

In the matter of oil painting, it is a case of *corruptio optimi pessima*; it is just in the quality which gives it its dangerous power to minister to a desire for vulgar verisimilitude that the great advantage, and at the same time, the supreme difficulty, of oil painting

lies. For it is not the complete realization of form in its full relief that is bad, but its realization by means of what is trivial, instead of what has significance for the cultivated imagination. And oil painting has to an extraordinary extent the power of suggesting full relief. Other mediums allow of partial reticences, but oil painting is inexorable, since a single touch sets a key of complete realization which cannot be departed from. So it is that Oriental artists to whom the contour has always meant more than the solid relief of things, have never relinquished water-color in favor of oil, though they have known of it now for some centuries.

Thus, to combine complete realization of form with beauty of quality becomes the problem of oil painting. It has been solved in innumerable ways, each of which may claim some particular advantages. It might weary the reader to hear of these in detail, but in all we find a high degree of manual dexterity and a scientific use of the infinitely varying properties of the medium. The mediæval artists who first began to use oil paint were already accustomed to tempera. They bought their colors in powder,—the ground up earths of Siena and Umbria, or crushed *lapis lazuli*,—and they were accustomed to "temper" these according to the needs of the particular work in hand, mixing the powder with very weak size for water-color drawings—the notion of the modernness of water-color is one of the most inexplicable legends of art—mixing them with yolk of egg for their altarpieces, or with white of egg for decorative work. Oil was to them only a new "temper" with which to mix the powder colors, a temper with very remarkable properties and difficulties all its own. But they learnt its properties in relation to each color, learned the

particular way that each pigment behaved, the personal equation, so to speak, which distinguished each one, and thereby came to learn how to get out of each its finest material excellence. Again, here, the artist's colorman has stepped in between the artist and a knowledge of his materials, till the modern painter almost believes, like the Cockney child who thinks that milk grows in a can, that paint grows in little lead tubes; and he attaches a kind of superstitious reverence to the particular mixture that his colorman thinks fit to supply him with; so that some teachers insist as an important doctrine that their students shall not use any medium with the paint they squeeze out on their palettes, but work as best they may with the particular consistency that this happens to possess, instead of controlling it suitably to their purpose.

As in the other methods of expression, so even in oil painting there seems a hope of a renewed attempt at scientific treatment. The tradition is not indeed so long dead or so difficult of recovery but that one may hope for a return to more scientific methods. The great master whose loss we have so recently deplored was old enough to have been brought up in a tradition which, though declining, was still sound; and by the study of Italian masters he acquired a knowledge of technique which enabled him to produce such a work as the *Life's Illusions* at the Tate Gallery, a work in which precisely those beauties of quality are evident, which one seeks for in vain in later art, even in later works, by the same hand. But among younger men the same ideas of scrupulosity in the choice of material, and of control of the varied possibilities of expression, are here and there refreshingly apparent. One may cite in particular the work of Mr. Ricketts and Mr. C. Shan-

non, and again certain singularly felicitious passages in the painting of Mr. Neville Lytton. I would not say, therefore, that these are our greatest artists; it so happens that at the present time few have awakened to any sense of their responsibility to material, and some of our most talented painters are working in quite opposite directions and succeeding, in spite of haphazard and unmethodical technique in expressing beautiful aspects of nature; but I believe in the long run people will come to cherish more and more whatever has this permanently satisfying quality of material beauty, and prefer to have on their walls even what is in some respects

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tentative and incomplete, if it only possesses this endearing quality to the eye of fine material and choice texture, rather than the most startling reproductions of nature wrought in a coarse or unsympathetic substance. But if this Epicureanism of the eye is ever to affect the great mass of painting it will come about most probably from an improvement in the minor crafts and an increased susceptibility on the part of the public to the finer shades of distinction between what is sound and solid in workmanship, or noble in material, and those clever imitations of these qualities by which they have so long been dazzled and deceived.

Roger Fry.

LYCHGATE HALL.

A ROMANCE.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

CHAPTER XVII.

HAYMAKING AND MISCHIEF-MAKING.

It was a week or two after my Father's accident that I asked and obtained Uncle Waring's permission to join in the making of Mrs. Ullathorne's hay. It was the custom in that part of the countryside to help a new-comer in some such manner, either by performing a certain amount of boon-ploughing or by lending a hand in haymaking or harvesting. It was my Father who suggested to many of the neighbors that it would be a kind thing to help the new tenant to get in her hay instead of putting off their good offices till the autumn, the season being a late one and the weather uncertain.

"Moreover," says he, "it will learn her to make friends wi' you all. The lass is a fine lass," says he, "and the

more you know her the better you'll like her. I found that out for myself. 'Twill do you no harm to be a bit friendly to a lonesome wench, and I doubt you may all be glad enough some day or other to ha' been neighborly wi' her."

I was up at dawn on the first day of the haymaking, the happiest lad in the countryside as I put on the old smock that I had not worn since I had begun to be a Lawyer, and reached down my battered straw hat from its peg.

My Father called to me as I stepped past the parlor, "Thou art early afoot, lad."

"I wanted to make the most o' my time," said I, thrusting in my face at the door.

He groaned and rolled his head on the pillow.

"Eh, I could wish I were going wi'

thee What a big upstanding chap thou art i' thy smock! Thou'd make a gradely farmer; but stick to the Law, Luke. Stick to the Law!" he added almost sternly, seeing, I suppose, the longing which I could never repress leap into my eyes.

Armed with scythe and whetstone I swung over the ground, and had made a good inroad into the meadow before any one was astir at Lychgate.

Oh! the delight of sending my scythe sweeping through the tall grass while the dew was yet upon it, and seeing it fall over in regular curves, the sweet savor of the cut stems mounting to my nostrils, the air cool and fresh and full of the spicy smell of the short summer's night; no noise except the swinging of my blade and the soft swish of the falling grass, save that now and then there came a cawing from the rookery or a great flapping of wings as a pigeon flew over my head. I was almost sorry when my peaceful solitude was broken in upon by a concourse of merry neighbors. Soon indeed the whole field was a scene of indescribable bustle and excitement; folks running hither and thither, some bantering me for my jealous zeal in thus getting to work before they had even arrived, some calling loudly for the Mistress, others as loudly claiming a pot of small-beer before beginning their labors. The hubbub and confusion was at its height when Dorothy herself appeared, and after greeting the newcomers very kindly beckoned to her own laborers and dairy-wench, and retiring with them for a few moments led them back laden with abundance of good-cheer, which she desired them to set before the company.

It was a marvel to see how the food disappeared. Great pitchers of small-beer, foaming cans of new milk, goodly slices of oat-cake and home-made cheese, made in South-country

fashion and differing in look and flavor from our Lancashire stuff, but none the less toothsome for that.

Dorothy flitted from one to another, talking to each with an air at once gracious and timid, which seemed to win all hearts, serving her guests with her own hands, pressing her hospitality upon them until they vowed they would be fit for naught if she did not give over.

Work now began in earnest—the men stationed at regular intervals, the womenfolk behind them, raking and tossing the hay.

Dorothy worked with the rest; she was like one of ourselves in earnest that day, clad in a plain linen gown, and wearing an untrimmed straw hat on her dark locks; her face was glowing with exercise, and each movement of her round arms and supple figure was, I thought, more beautiful than the last. She seemed to have laid aside all care with her dignity, for I heard her voice ring merrily across the field many a time and her laugh peal out. The sun was now high, and as the day advanced grew extremely hot; but I for one was well content. I am never too hot—not when sunshine is in question, for I own I dislike as much as any one a close room or too great a burden of garments. But to stand as I stood that summer's day, with the warm rays striking down from the sky, and the glow striking upward again from the heated earth, it seemed to warm my heart itself, and to make it leap for gladness. We have always a breeze here, blowing in, salt and free, from the sea, and I had opened my smock at the neck and rolled up its loose sleeves—which were indeed become too short—so as to let the bonny air play about me; and as I set my legs apart and swung my body to the full sweep of the scythe I felt ever growing within me the pride of my own strength, and the joy of young and

lusty manhood. And I scarce knew which I liked the best after all, my quiet hour when I had been alone with the dawn, or this hour of teeming life when I stood amidst my fellows and labored with the rest—but better than the rest. Sure, there was never before so merry a din kept up in the neighborhood of that solemn place, for what with the cheerful whetting of the scythe, and the sound of the circling blades, and the chirruping of the grasshoppers, and the hum of summer insects, and the talk and laughter of the lads and lasses, there was a very babel of joyous sound.

The whole field was cut an hour or two after the noon-day meal, and then we laid aside our scythes and armed ourselves with rakes and pikels, and fell to tossing the grass with the lasses. To this day, when I think on it, I call to mind the good smell of the stuff; for there was a deal of clover in it, and round about the edge of the field had been a fringe of meadow-sweet, which was laid low with the grass. I doubt the scent of Mrs. Ul-lathorne's hayfield must have hung upon the breeze for nigh a mile around.

A number of children had found their way into the field, and were by way of helping us, tossing up the hay into the air with their little arms and turning it over with forked sticks; but they soon tired of this, and fell to rolling each other about, and building themselves castles and what not. I mind a cry rose all at once that there was a lark's nest in a corner of the meadow, and when we turned our heads there was a great circle of hay with a cluster of little ones in the middle, flapping their arms for wings, and making believe to chirp, and opening wide little round red mouths into which our Patty, as the mother-bird, dropped sugar plums.

Patty, with her dress tucked up over

her striped petticoat, and wielding a wooden rake a good deal taller than herself, thought to be very busy and flitted about the field, here and there and everywhere, with a nod for this one and a smile for that one. Nevertheless, I could not see that she accomplished much, and finding her idly jesting with Long Tom I advised her to come and work with me, declaring that she could thus make herself more useful.

"You shall rake," said I, "and I will toss; and you'll see how fast we'll get on."

To this the little wench agreed contentedly enough; and presently fell a-singing as she turned over the hay, though every now and then she would catch the great teeth of her rake in the ground, and call to me with a piteous voice to come and help her.

All at once—"Here's Sir Jocelyn," cried she, and, looking up, I saw him coming towards us from the house.

Mrs. Dorothy dropped her rake and went towards him, carrying herself like a Queen, for all her rustic attire. But indeed the very simplicity of it added to her beauty; the plain straw and unbleached linen seemed to gather the sunshine. I have never seen a creature so glowing with light and life as she seemed when moving across the grass to meet Sir Jocelyn. He stooped and kissed her hand, and after a moment's parley the two came back towards the centre of the field, laughing together.

And then Sir Jocelyn summoned me, and removing his coat and waistcoat desired me to set them in a shady place, and moreover to bring him a pitchfork. I ran with his garments to Patty, who laid them under the hedge, while I returned with my pikel to Sir Jocelyn. There he stood, a fine figure of a man, in his cambric shirt, the laced cuffs of which he was turning up on arms nigh as muscular as

my own; but I must confess that these ruffles appeared to be somewhat out of place in a hayfield.

He seemed to read my thoughts, for he took the pikel from me with a whimsical look.

"One may be a man, my good Luke," said he, "in spite of being a Gentleman. Let us see if I cannot toss hay as well as the rest of you. Do you think I would consent to be the only neighbor of these parts who did not exert himself in Mrs. Ullathorne's service?"

And with that he fell to plying his pitchfork with as much zeal as though he intended to outdo us all.

Mrs. Dorothy remained talking to him for a little, and then, taking up her own rake, withdrew to another part of the field; and presently Sir Jocelyn followed her, declaring that being a novice in the art of haymaking he must take his orders direct from her lips. She was not altogether pleased, but could not very well forbid his attendance, and continued to work by his side, though for the most part in silence.

A certain constraint, indeed, seemed to have come upon us all. The folks liked not to wag their tongues so freely as before, and were for the most part astonished and ill-satisfied at Sir Jocelyn's assiduity with regard to one whom they looked on as an equal. More than two hours passed, however, before he himself tired of his task; and then, tossing away his fork and stretching himself, he spoke to Mrs. Ullathorne with a smile. She immediately summoned me, and informing me that Sir Jocelyn was thirsty requested me to run to the house and have a bowl of milk in readiness for him to drink ere he mounted his horse.

I obeyed, of course, and had reached the churchyard, by crossing which I meant to make a short cut to the house, before Sir Jocelyn and she had even left the field.

I was striding along between the cypress trees when I suddenly stopped short with a violent start. A man was standing with his back to me in a corner of the place—a corner which I was like to remember—with one hand passed through the bridle rein of Sir Jocelyn's horse, while the other, holding a stick, was engaged in turning over the heap of sodden grass which had for so many months lain undisturbed on a certain flat tombstone.

At the exclamation which I uttered Master Robert turned his head, and I observed that his face wore the same expression of sinister triumph as I had before noticed when he had deemed Sir Jocelyn in danger of his life. I knew his presence on such a spot boded no good to Mrs. Dorothy; he was a man who could submit tamely enough to an injury, but would work with relentless cunning to avenge it. I had not spoken with him since the night when he had received chastisement at my hands as well as at those of Sir Jocelyn, and as our eyes met I saw not only that the shameful memory of that night was present to him, but seemed to detect the evil hope of paying off his debt in some unlooked-for fashion.

"Who goes there?" cried he, staring at me over his shoulder. "Luke Wright, I believe! A fine evening, Luke. I have made a curious discovery here."

"Have you, indeed, Sir?" said I, striving to stay my hurried breathing, and to keep the terror which I felt out of my face.

"Why yes," said he. "'Tis a strange thing, Luke—somebody has been tampering with this tombstone."

"Tampering with the tombstone?" I echoed, and in spite of myself my face blanched.

"Aye indeed," he returned. "Why do you look so scared, Luke? Is not this news to you?"

"Eh," I returned, speaking gruffly to put him off, and struggling to regain my self-command, "eh, I should think I was scared. I don't like to hear talk o' folks meddling wi' tombstones. But why should you say such a thing, Master Bilsborough? I am sure yon old mossy stone looks just the same as any o' the others."

And in truth to my mind it did.

"There speaks ignorance!" returned he, with a cunning look. "You must know, my good friend, that I am well acquainted with the history of this stone, which indeed covers the remains of a Kinsman of mine, a certain William Bilsborough, who was at one time—a very long time ago, honest Luke—Sub-Prior in this monastery."

You are aware of course that the place formerly belonged to a pack of Monks. Now this worthy Gentleman held high office amongst them and was apparently much esteemed, and for some reason or other, instead of being buried like the rest of his brethren, head to the chapel-wall—there was in ancient times a chapel here, you may remember—and feet to the path, his friends chose to turn his coffin t'other way round so that (as you may read in the epitaph) his eyes might even in death look towards the altar which in life he deemed himself unworthy to serve."

I could have knocked the fellow down for the sneer with which he repeated the words traced with such simplicity and good faith. Indeed I bore no ill-will towards the memory of these kindly old Monks, and I and all my family were very good friends with many folks of the same religion who had had much to suffer in recent times. In fact there was one Popish Squire in the neighborhood who used regularly to send his horses to my Father as often as a raid was made for them, and my Father used to keep them in

safety until such time as the search was over.

But I had not much inclination to dwell on such thoughts now, for I perceived that Master Robert, who stood at what should have been the head of the grave, had scratched away a portion of the moss which had hitherto covered the inscription, and to this he now drew my attention.

"Here it stands, set forth plain enough, in fair Latin," said he, continuing to scrape at the letters. "*Hic jacet corpus Gulielmi Bilsborough*, and the rest. I could make it all clear to you had I time, and no doubt Mr. Formby could show you the copy of the inscription, which I have often read in the ancient register of this place, that he now has in keeping. It runs thus."

And Master Robert began to quote a string of Latin phrases, which had I had time I might have been able to construe for myself, for I had not been a scholar at Crosby Grammar School for so many years to no purpose; but being now somewhat flurried the sense might have escaped me had he not been officious enough to give me a translation.

"The epitaph may be roughly rendered thus: *Here lieth the body of William Bilsborough, faithful Companion of the Order, whose eyes, which he deemed unworthy in life to behold the Altar of God, now in death gaze without obstacle towards the Holy of Holies. May he rest in peace.*"

The malice on his face and the mockery of his tone again revolted me; but my indignation was overpowered by a greater fear.

"Well," said I, putting as brave a face on the matter as I could, "'tis a good enough epitaph for a good man, and though his bodily eyes have long been dust, I daresay his spirit is now gratified with the sight of heavenly things. But how, Sir, if I may make so bold, do you argue from this writing

that the tomb has been tampered with?"

"Why, very simply," said he. "The position of the stone has been reversed. This must have been done recently, for I vow 'tis not so long ago since I examined this place in company with Parson Formby, who drew my particular attention to its singularity."

If I had felt kindly enough towards the worthy Monks a few moments before, I must own I now heartily cursed the good men for the pious fancy which was like to have ill consequences for Mrs. Dorothy. And, indeed, in my anguish of mind, I freely blamed her also for having been so unwise as to select this particular grave as the depository of her secret, and above all for having omitted to replace the stone in its exact position. And then I blamed myself most of all for running away and leaving her to accomplish the deed with no better assistant than purblind old Malachi. No doubt her own eyes had been dim enough with tears, and then the moon had been at that time on the wane, but to be sure the stone was of the same size and thickness at either end, and so moss-grown that only those especially interested in the inscription would have taken note of its peculiarity. While these thoughts chased each other through my mind I stood and stared at Master Robert, unable for the life of me to find words wherewith to belittle his discovery; and as I was still cudgelling my brains, I heard Dorothy calling my name, and immediately afterwards Sir Jocelyn hailed his Kinsman.

"Cousin Robert! Cousin, I say—what do you there with my horse? Are you philosophizing among the tombs?"

Master Robert went quickly towards him, dragging at the bridle of the horse, which was loth to leave the grass at which it had been nibbling,

and I followed quickly. Mrs. Dorothy had been about to reprimand me for my delay in procuring refreshment for Sir Jocelyn, but at sight of my face the words died upon her lips, and I saw her eyes grow wide with fear.

"I may not be a philosopher, Cousin Jocelyn," said Master Billsborough, "but I own to a healthy interest in all things strange and novel, and my curiosity has now been aroused by a somewhat odd circumstance."

Here Dorothy caught her breath involuntarily, and Sir Jocelyn immediately turning and observing her pallor quickly changed his tone.

"Well I, for one, pretend to no interest in your discoveries, Cousin Billsborough; I think it was scarce seemly in you to pasture my horse among the graves."

Master Robert bit his lip, but immediately afterwards affected a laugh.

"Well, Sir Jocelyn, you must make excuses for a poor wretch when time hangs heavy on his hands. Your notion of five minutes, my dear Cousin—he! he!—you know you requested me to hold your horse for five minutes, but—he! he! I imagine I have been wandering about here for more than two hours."

"True!" rejoined Sir Jocelyn carelessly. "I forgot all about you."

"So I imagine. Oh, I make no complaint, I assure you, and I have been cogitating so deeply over the phenomenon yonder that I scarce wondered at your delay. Indeed I must tell you my tale, Cousin, and you will see if I have not cause for astonishment. On going to visit the grave of my Kinsman yonder, I found to my amazement that the tombstone had turned round."

Sir Jocelyn, who had been listening impatiently, now wheeled towards him with an exclamation.

"Turned round! What folly!"

"Nay, but 'tis the truth!" cried Master Billsborough eagerly. "You

know the tomb of William Billsborough, who had himself buried facing the east—well, I vow and declare somebody has been at the pains to reverse the tombstone completely, so that it now faces the other way."

I thought Dorothy would have fallen; I made a step towards her, but Sir Jocelyn was beforehand with me, and in a moment had flung his arm round her.

"Keep that tongue of yours quiet," he cried harshly to his Kinsman, "you frighten Mrs. Ullathorne with your foolish tales."

"No, no," cried Dorothy, disengaging herself. "At least I was frightened for a moment, for who could like to hear of such things? But I don't believe a syllable of the story."

"Nevertheless it is a fact, Madam," interrupted Master Billsborough. "Cousin Gillibrand, you can bear me out, and so for that matter can other folks. William Billsborough's tomb is well known in this place by all who pretend to antiquarian learning. You can see for yourself, Cousin Jocelyn, that it has been turned round. Whether good Brother Billsborough did it himself for a frolic, or whether somebody else for some private reason removed and replaced it—"

He gazed meaningly at Mrs. Ullathorne, and again I saw her figure quiver and sway; but this time Sir Jocelyn did not turn his head, and she, to hide her trembling, leaned back against the cemetery-wall.

"I assure you," pursued Master Robert rapidly, "I am not speaking without book. I was attracted to the spot by observing that a heap of rubbish was piled upon my Kinsman's tomb, and going with pious intent to clear it away, I discovered—The lady is indisposed!"

Sir Jocelyn made a stride towards her, but, recovering herself, she waved him impatiently away.

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"Oh!" she cried, "I cannot bear this hateful talk. What does he want? What is the man hinting at?"

"It matters very little," said Sir Jocelyn, with assumed lightness, though he eyed her narrowly. "My Kinsman is famous for discovering mares' nests. Content yourself, my good Robert, with the knowledge that you have distinguished yourself by frightening a young lady out of her senses, and that you have, as usual, meddled with what is no concern of yours. Pray, is it not time for you to go home and see whether the coat of arms over the gateway is not taking a swim in the fishpond, or whether the doorstep hath not climbed up to the granary, or whether, in short, the cat is not playing the fiddle and the dish running away with the spoon? Be off!" cried Sir Jocelyn in a terrible voice, and darting at his Kinsman one of the hawk glances before which he always quailed. "Be off, sirrah! and take care how your Wiseacreship comes poking and prying about these premises again!"

Master Robert slunk off without a word, and when he disappeared from view Sir Jocelyn turned towards Mrs. Dorothy.

"Though I dislike the tale-bearer," he said in a low voice, "I like the tale none the more. Can you read me the riddle, Madam?"

She clasped her hands and looked at him with eyes full of entreaty; and her lip quivered, but she did not answer.

He sighed, and presently stooped and kissed her hand, but with a troubled look, very different from the ardent and admiring one with which he had saluted her a few hours before.

"If it pains you to speak," he said, "I will not press you."

And with that he mounted his horse and rode away.

(To be continued.)

THE PESSIMISTIC RUSSIAN.

In estimating the special racial characteristics of a nation certain traits are curiously apt to make an abiding, though exaggerated, impression upon foreign onlookers. Such traits, to the complete negligence of others equally existent, frequently become proverbial abroad, albeit to the individuals of the nation in question they scarcely appear to have any special prominence. Thus *pessimism* is the distinctive attribute universally applied to Russia, and yet nine intelligent Russians out of ten would be very much astonished, if not aggrieved, were they informed that they come of a pessimistic race.

To begin with, comparatively few of the opinions expressed by foreigners upon Russia and the Russians are based upon information obtained by direct intercourse with the people or a personal knowledge of the country, and certain it is, that if we approach the Russians by the medium of their art, by their literature, for instance, or by their paintings, their music, a deep note of sadness is often, though not always, predominant. English critics have been at pains to account for this minor key, especially prevalent among Russian novelists, by pointing to the enslaving autocracy of the governing powers of the Empire. And yet, whilst the autocratic power of the Tsar was never more rigorously enforced than in the "blood and iron" reign of Nicholas I., it still remains a fact that it was during this very same reign that Russia conceived and brought forth her Griboyedov and her Gogol, two brilliant disciples of humor and laughter, and her first great masters of satiric comedy. On the other hand, it is equally true that the

comparatively benignant, promising, humanitarian reign of Alexander II. produced the grievously bewailing Turgueniev, and the dismal, tragic Dostoyevsky. This bewailing spirit and dismally tragic tone of Russian novelists is, after all, in many instances considerably modified by what has been very graphically termed the "humor of style," a quality impossible of reproduction in translations. To the absence of this covert humor in foreign renditions of Russian writers may be due, in a great measure, the want of a full and correct estimate of the national character abroad.

Why then, is it because so little is known about Russia that the saddest corners of Russian life are to be taken as an average picture? The typical Russian, it must be observed, is decidedly no "happy medium" individual. His character, if correctly analyzed, will be found to embody two diametrically opposed natures. He is capable of being strung up to the highest pitch of hilarity, or else he is run down to the lowest note of melancholy and despair. *Dousha na raspashké* (heart and soul oblivious of consequences) is, after all, the sum total of his character. He is absolutely unlike himself unless he is rushing with headlong enthusiasm after an extreme ideal. Thus, in politics, he flies from Autocracy to Nihilism; in religion, from Orthodoxy to Stundism or Tolstoyism; in travelling, from the springless tarrantass to the luxurious *train de luxe*; in literature, from Poushkin to Maxim Gorki. "Is this perhaps the consequence of the richness of the Russian virgin soil, which slumbered during so many centuries, that no seed can germinate in it without growing up to its extreme

height?" asks Prince Volkonsky, in his extremely interesting *Lowell Lectures*. "You occasionally meet a man or woman who exactly embodies the Russian soil—a nature which is open, rich, luxurious, receptive, warm, without glow or heat, but which gives the impression of inexhaustible exuberance," answers Dr. Georg Brandès, in his equally interesting *Impressions of Russia*. The trait, however, which struck the latter personally more strongly than any other among the Russians, was what they themselves called *une large franchise*, a broad and proud frankness. Nowhere else are men and women occupying the most advanced places in culture heard expressing themselves so openly and without reserve. And behind this frankness lies a sense of horror and hatred of hypocrisy or cant, and a pride which shows itself in carelessness, so unlike English self-conscious stiffness, French prudence, German class pride. It is difficult to conceive any man taking his pleasure more keenly and with greater zest than a Russian. At a ball, for example, he will rise to a pitch of excited enjoyment unequalled even by an Englishman's state of tension over a football match. The Russian cannot understand the Englishman's stoicism of taking his pleasure seriously. But, on the other hand, he can sit at a card-table for twelve long hours at a stretch with his mind all the time engulphed in speculative problems of Bridge.¹ He is also on occasions quite ready to blow out his brains at the disgrace of being struck in the face in public by an inferior. It is to the social mania for card playing, possibly the inevitable consequence of the dearth of outdoor amusements, that the Russians themselves ascribe the main cause of the lethargic side of

their temperament. "The Russian is melancholy, yet not splenetic in solitude, like the Englishman. It is a melancholy pervading the community. It is this which easily glides into sectarian mysticism" (Brandès' *Impressions of Russia*).

"This rush from one extreme to the other," as Leroy Beaulieu pertinently remarks, in a very instructive chapter of his *L'Empire des Césars*, "finds a singular analogy in the sharply defined phases of the Russian climate." It is indeed by no means too far a theory to consider the national temperament and character of the Russians as a direct reflex of the climate of their country. Roughly speaking, you have but two seasons in Russia. A long, intensely cold monotony of snow-clad winter, abruptly succeeded by the sudden blaze of a brilliant though brief summertime. Russia is the one country in the world which experiences within her boundaries moments of almost tropical heat driven back and chilled by a stern blast straight from the Arctic North. These quick changes of climate so totally alter the whole aspect of both landscape and atmosphere, that only when one has witnessed the winter and summer solstice in Russia can one understand her physical strength and weakness. So, also, only when one has studied a Russian man, and it may be more especially a Russian woman, in the grasp of a host of conflicting emotions, will one have a clue to the true national character. To summarize this character as chiefly pessimistic would be to leave out three-fourths of its component parts. And the more minutely we analyze the human characterization and the subtly-drawn typically national types of such writers as Poushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgeniev, Tolstoy,

¹ A correspondent of the "Novosty" lately adduced statistics to show that the average sum expended annually on card-playing and its ac-

cessories, in the clubs alone, exceeded by 7 million roubles the Budget for national education.

or Gorki, not to mention a number of lesser authors, the more does this come home to us. There is hardly one of their *dramatis personæ* but has within his or her individuality a broad-toned major key as well as a pensive minor cadence.

The keynote of the national temperament of extremes in the Russian was sounded as early as the sixteenth century in one of the first characters which has become universally famous in Russian history. This is *Ivan Groznoy*, commonly known as *The Terrible*, or, to give the adjective *Groznoy* its nearest English equivalent, "*The Thunder-Threatener*." As Belinsky, the critic, aptly expresses it: "The greater the soul of a man the more it is capable of undergoing the influence of good, and the deeper its fall in the abyss of crime the more does it harden in evil. Such was Ivan." There were enigmatical depths of passion in this man's nature, alternating, as it were, with unaccountable periods of actionless apathy. At certain moments he could be guilty of an animalism or a cruelty which seems to overlap human possibility even in those rugged, remote times which form a fitting background to his life; whilst at other periods he was almost feminine in his diffidence. We get quaint contemporary pictures of him weeping, not at his sins, but at the touching spectacle of his own actual repentance for his misdeeds. There is a whole world of psychological research in this Ivan's personality. Small wonder, then, that the apparently irreconcilable contradictions of his character have been a lively theme of dispute for Russian historians; a never failing subject of the art utterances of latter-day Russian writers, musicians, and painters.

It is a melancholy fact that the highly-strung, impressionable nature of the Russian youth from the outset has little or no chance of a healthy mental

development. The system of education and training existent in Russia is apt to turn youth into manhood before it is well out of its teens. Overloaded with a multitude of subjects for study at the gymnasium (preparatory high school), working, almost without respite and even during holidays, for the dreaded annual official examination, the young gymnast is taxed to the utmost of his mental capacity, and his weary brain begins early to sap the vitality of his moral senses.

At the university, which is within reach of the poorest students (the sons of the wealthy matriculate in military academies), the process is reversed. Close compulsory study is replaced by voluntary attendance at lectures. A career of freedom from guardianship both in and out of doors, with a surplus of idle hours, awaits the young emancipated gymnast. He now suddenly finds himself master of his time for study, and the door of easy access open to free enjoyment in self-indulgence and dissipation. Russian universities are not residential, and the students, chiefly drawn from the provinces, live in lodgings, often on very short allowances from home, which they have to replenish to make ends meet by giving private lessons. Hence, with no restrictions, no community of interest in outdoor games or sport, the new-fledged student, fresh from the trammels of gymnasium life, feels like a bird suddenly let loose from the cage he was hatched and bred in. Small wonder then that after a three years' course, mainly of carousing, the matured young man enters upon his life's career satiated with the frivolities of town life, and *blasé*.

A book on the modern Russian student has very recently been published in St. Petersburg, where it has created a troubled sensation. Its author, Boris Gegidzé, is himself an ex-university student, and is springing into fame as

an author of the Gorki, Andreyev, Veristayev, and Abrov school. According to his view "Life in the gymnasium ends with 'drink.'" That in the university begins somewhat as represented by the following opening scene: "Last night I stayed in jolly company at the Aquarium (*café chantant*) till 3 A.M., therefore. . . ." The lectures at the university begin at 8 and 9 A.M. and the above-quoted opening soliloquy of Volodya, the student initiate, is taking place in bed at 10 A.M., whilst he is leisurely perusing his morning letters, one of which starts him on an edifying train of thought. A fellow-student apprises him of a *piquante* acquaintance made by him a couple of weeks ago at a public dance. After an exhaustive dissertation on "the ravishing" charms of her youthful attractions and *naïveté*, he incidentally gives the address of his newly-discovered Desdemona. Volodya is, thereupon, suddenly inspired with the noble idea of robbing his friend of his prize, and his matutinal hours are leisurely spent in the highly elevating mental solution of the Byronic problem how to attain his desire.

Amongst the peasantry in the villages climatic influences and the want of either physical or mental exercise are, perhaps, more disastrous than in the towns. Young and old for more than half the year find themselves confined in wretched one-room cabins, often lighted by a chip of wood only. The impossibility of whiling away the long hours with any kind of occupation must inevitably conduce to a melancholy condition of mind and body.²

The want of sufficiently nutritious food makes the blood thin, the stimulants against the cold make the temperament nervous. Passivity becomes a fundamental trait, which is sharply

and clearly manifested in the popular amusements. While the Spaniard takes his pleasure in bull-fights, either as participant or spectator; while the Englishman has his football, the Frenchman his *petits chevaux*, the German his *Kegelbahn*, the Russian finds no happiness in any kind of vigorous sport or amusement. His chief delight is to listen to a hand-organ or harmonica playing; to swing or to ride on the switchback or the ice-hill, of which he is the inventor. In every Russian *tractir*, where common or better class of people assemble to enjoy the national food and to drink tea, there is invariably a great automatic organ, sometimes reaching to the ceiling, and equipped with a very fine musical power of reproducing all the instruments of a full military band. The visitor orders at his will an overture or an air of a popular opera, or a waltz, to suit his taste, for which there is no charge.

To the unhealthy and enervating conditions add the extreme poverty of the peasantry, the ineradicable effects of their long subjection to serfdom, linked with the many disappointments of their present state of quasi-freedom. With all this in view, the wonder is not that the peasant is pessimistic, but, on the contrary, that he is as stolidly good-humored and jovial as a near acquaintance proves him indeed to be. His choice of songs, again, and his manner of singing them, suggest a far from pessimistic temperament, and in his national dances, such as the *Kazatchök*, or the *Kamàrinskaya*, he exhibits the same delight and animated enthusiasm as is displayed by his superiors in the exhilarating *Mazoûrka* of the fashionable ball-room.

To sum up, a Russian is an open-minded and open-handed man—an ugly

² The Board of Industry and Trade's latest statistics show the annual consumption of paraffin for lighting purposes, including street light-

ing, in the country and villages to be less than 5lbs. (about $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon) per head of the population.

foe, if you like, but a fast friend where he respects. In business and commercial transactions he is apt to display an Oriental indifference to moral responsibility. For we must always recollect that the Russian is half-Asiatic; that he has one foot in the Occident and the other in the Orient; that he can hardly be approached from our point of view. He is, above all, a

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realist, and eschews the slavery of conventionalism. His hospitality, universally proverbial, is, as in the mansion, so in the humble one-room cabin, as genuine as it is free from imitative "ritualistic" form and ceremony. His urbanity and his consideration for others, says an English critic, is a national trait which other nationalities might do well to imitate.

Alexander Kinloch.

ON THE BEACH.

The sun was rising over Northern Australia. As it topped the low wooded ridge that formed the horizon, its beams flashed along the level and shone upon the form of a man who was sleeping at the foot of a little mound. He lay in a careless attitude of exhaustion, with his head pillowed upon the swag which he had been too weary to unroll. He was a tall, well-built fellow on the younger side of thirty, dressed in a flannel shirt, torn and stained with blood, and riding-breeches of discolored white moleskin with leathern gaiters. His saddle and bridle lay beside him.

The course of John Barton's destiny had lain of late among moving and bloody scenes. About three weeks ago he had set out from Port Daly with three horses and a black boy, upon a journey to a western goldfield. An accident led to his spending a few days at the abandoned Green River Copper-Mine in the society of one George Hansen, a miner left in charge of the property, and a friendly intimacy had grown up between the two men. A few hours after leaving the mine, Barton received, by chance, a piece of information which caused his immediate return thither; he found Hansen in the article of death. A black fellow

named Ardnamurria, otherwise Long Charley, who, three years before, had in due course of law been convicted of participation in a massacre of white men, and saved from hanging by a legal informality, had speared the miner in the back, and Hansen lived but a few hours longer than was necessary for the telling of the tale. Upon Barton, his sole auditor, easing the last moments of the stricken man with tenderness and such skill as he possessed, the recital, and the subsequent death of his friend, had a deep and far-reaching effect. He had laid the corpse in a shallow grave, and had ridden a distance of some two hundred miles in the double journey to inform the police. He had returned with Western, a police trooper, and had escorted the body to Port Daly. An inquest had been held, and a verdict of murder given against Long Charley. The circumstances of the case, however, made it very unlikely that murder could be proved, supposing the culprit brought to trial. Barton knew this, and the formalities of the law seemed to him beside the point. In this modern man, placid, kindly, hating exertion, and withal something of a trifler with life, some old ancestral Adam had been aroused. Moved by an antique spirit

of wild justice, he had vowed to himself that the murderer of his friend should hang. He accompanied Western in the pursuit, and after many days they captured their man. The policeman having been severely wounded in the affair, the actual arrest was made by Barton.

When Barton announced his intention of hanging the prisoner out of hand, Western was at first astonished, and then angry. While he slept, exhausted by his wound, the self-appointed executioner performed his task, and when Western awoke in the morning he learned the fact. The two men were alone in the bush, and it would have been easy for Barton to escape, but sooner than abandon the wounded man he submitted to a formal arrest, and with difficulty conveyed the helpless Western to the nearest settlement. Having there seen him into good hands, his obligation ceased; he began to think of his own safety, and with his two horses fled into the Bush.

He was now in the position of a man with a price upon his head. He must find some means of leaving the country, and in the meantime avoid the neighborhood of the settlements. He knew of a small plantation on the coast, where Hildebrand, an Austrian ex-officer, exiled in his youth for having killed his man in a duel, dwelt alone with his young wife. Barton had never been to the place, but knew the man well, and knew that he owned a schooner, and carried on an export trade in the hides of buffaloes which he shot in the wilds of the Port Warrington Peninsula. The fugitive resolved to make for the plantation, and beg Hildebrand to aid him in his escape.

It was evening when he left Westport. He and his horses had already travelled far that day, and he had not slept for forty hours. When he dismounted, some fifteen miles from the

township, he was too weary to light a fire or even put up his mosquito net: he had no sooner buckled the hobbles than he threw himself down, and was instantly asleep. The sun was well over the horizon, and the heat already scorching the rocky soil, when he awoke. Collecting a few sticks for a fire, he filled his quart-pot from a canvas water-bag and set it to boil, hearkening the while for the sound of the bell which he had slung on the neck of one of the horses. He heard nothing, and climbing the little mound he gazed anxiously in all directions. The horses were nowhere in sight. Making a circuit round his camping-place, he found the tracks, leading southward. In that direction the country was fairly open, and when he found that the horses were still invisible from the summit of a rise a mile away, he was forced to the conclusion that they had "made back" to the good feed in the neighborhood of the river. What was a still worse sign, he found a broken hobble-strap. Matters now looked serious: travelling over poor country towards good pasture, the speed of the horses would equal the walking pace of a man, and, thanks to his weariness and late sleeping, they had a start of many hours. To "run" the tracks until he found the animals would probably take, at the least, a whole day, and might, besides, lead him back to Westport. For a traveller upon his lawful occasions, such a hunt for his horses would be an annoyance; for the fugitive from the law it was merely impossible. Barton returned to his camping-place, and while he ate and drank, considered the situation.

The disappearance of the horses in the direction from whence they had come was in another way ominous. It seemed to show that there was no water in the immediate neighborhood. He might return upon his tracks with the almost certain prospect of capture,

or push on, afoot, for the coast and the plantation, trusting to the chance of finding water by the way. The distance, by his calculation, was nearly sixty miles; he reckoned upon an average of something over twenty miles a-day. Deciding upon the bolder course, he prepared to start. There was no time to waste: abandoning his blanket, he rolled his mosquito-net across his body from one shoulder, and by means of a stirrup leather slung over the other a saddle-bag containing five one-pound tins of meat and a few biscuits. Hiding his saddle as well as he could between two ant-hills, he stamped out the embers of his fire, took his water-bag in his hand, and set out upon his northward journey.

For the first day fortune favored him: the sun was hot, but he was in good trim, and the nature of the country was such that the holding of a straight course was not difficult. Also, toward sunset he came upon a little water-hole, and camped beside it upon the edge of timber, having marched some twenty-five miles. The next day he advanced more slowly. The undergrowth in the timbered tract was dense. His way was continually impeded, and at the same time it became more difficult to keep the direction. He found no water. At the end of the third day he was still in thick scrub, the ground had become rocky and difficult, and there was but a pint of water in the water-bag. On the fourth day he wandered among baffling gullies, tortured by thirst, footsore, lacerated by thorns, seeming to make no headway. When night fell he flung himself down at the foot of a tree. He durst not eat for fear of increasing his thirst. He began to experience that strange doubt of his own identity which is a symptom known to those who wander alone in the Bush. Despair assailed him; he knew that without water his life was a matter of a few hours.

Wearily as he was, the need of going on spurred him to rise and renew the struggle. Hitherto, in his unceasing search for water, he had kept to the low ground, threading the gullies between the rocky rises. He now determined, though it were his last effort, to climb an eminence that rose before him, its dark bulk outlined against the dark sky. The night was moonless, and during the toilsome ascent he lost his footing more than once, and bruised himself against rocks and fallen trees. Painfully he struggled on, and at last a breath of cooler air, and a sense of clear space, told him that he had reached the brow. His strength was exhausted, and he sank once more upon the ground. Overcome by a languor that seemed to soothe even his thirst, he lay without motion, almost without breath, and presently slept.

He awoke at dawn, and on rising to his feet beheld the sea. From the plateau whereon he stood the ground fell away steeply, so that it seemed he might almost toss a stone upon the dark, unbroken surface of the scrub that covered the intervening plain. Beyond the scrub there rose, dark gray against the opaline sky of morning, the wall of the sea, distant some three or four miles. To the left a headland appeared to rise almost level with the sea-line; far to the right the waters of a great inlet showed through gaps in the scrub like the fragments of a shattered sword. The sight of the sea gave the weary and thirst-tortured man new energy and hope. It would be hard if he could not find the outfall of some stream, and a nearer view of the coast might guide him to the plantation. Rearranging the burden to which, though even its light weight galled him, he had clung doggedly, he made haste to descend the bluff and plunge once more into the scrub.

He inclined his course a little to the left, judging that the headland might

indicate the mouth of a creek. When he had gone about two miles he came upon a shallow gully at right angles with his course, along which grew many pandanus trees. This was a promising sign: he followed the dip of the gully, and in the space of half a mile it led him to a reedy swamp. He forced his way through the reeds until the ground began to suck beneath his feet, and his eye caught the gleam of water. Lying at full length, he tasted the most delicious draught of his life. It was tepid, it was streaked with rust-color, and smacked of rotting growths, but it was water. He filled his dry and crumpled water-bag, and, reaching the firm ground, he sat and ate.

The morning view of the near sea had seemed to restore sanity to his mind; the drink and food now set agoing the friendly clock-work of habit. The native cheerfulness of his spirit reasserted itself; he lit his pipe, and began to think the world a good place after all.

When he had rested for half an hour he resumed his march. The scrub ran nearly to the beach, with a dense undergrowth of thorny acacia and other prickly shrubs. The sound of the surf had been in his ears for some minutes, and the blue glitter of the sea was showing through the branches in his front, when Barton almost stumbled against a corpse!

It lay partly sheltered by the landward side of a thicket of melaleuca, a small slight thing, scarcely more than a wisp of bones and rags of fluttering blue cotton. The attitude was composed, even restful, the hands lying together on the breast, the head raised a little upon a stone. Sun and insects had had their will of it, but the emaciated form was not so much decayed as withered, and the shrivelled face was easily to be recognized as that of a Chinaman.

The presence of a human corpse among great solitudes is a strangely moving thing. It seemed to the finder that he had lost a comrade. Here was one worsted in the fight against the savage forces of the wilderness—the fight that he himself was waging. Had they encountered sooner, he thought, a common need would have made a bond between him and this man of an alien race. The man of Europe and the man of the East would have marched together, linked by their common humanity, and shown a bolder front. Barton could almost have wept.

Casting about him for some rude implement, some edged stone or pointed stick, with which he might make a shift to hollow a grave, he advanced to where the scrub ended upon the shoreward margin of a shelving beach. He had emerged upon the shore of a bay, at a point about a mile distant from the root of the promontory which formed its western limit, and which ended in the headland he had seen from the heights. At the base of the headland the surf was bursting and creaming, but nearer at hand the sea lapped the sandy shore with waves that were hardly more than ripples. Here and there were masses of drab-colored coral, and about this and along the margin of the water ran and hovered a great quantity of sandpipers and larger sea-fowl. Half-way between himself and the promontory Barton perceived a gap in the edge of the scrub, and the mouth of a small creek. His eye, sweeping the long curve of the bay, was attracted by another token of human presence. A cubical iron tank, painted red, of the sort commonly used at the corners of Australian houses for catching water from the iron roofs, lay at high-water mark. Barton walked up to it and regarded it with as much interest as if he had never seen a tank before. It stood so that its manhole looked inland; a little

water was inside. He stood leaning against the tank with his back turned to the sea, his mind idly evolving and rejecting explanations. A minute later he was running up the slope of the beach towards a huddled something among the roots of a considerable tree. A movement of some kind he could have sworn to; it seemed to him that a hand had moved.

At the foot of the tree, which was of a species of wild fig common upon that coast, upon a bed made of a few willow-like boughs, half-sat, half-lay, a white woman. Her head was uncovered, and a mass of tangled dark-brown hair lay about her shoulders. She was clothed in a thin serge skirt and a bodice of light-colored cotton stuff. Beside her lay a gun and an empty milk-tin; a water-bag hung from a projecting knuckle of the tree-root. She was pitifully wasted, and the face that looked upon Barton as he drew near was eloquent of suffering. It was the face of one who is nearly done with the affairs of this world. The eyelids were raised plainly with effort, and the lips moved. Kneeling beside her, Barton inclined his ear. "Baby . . . dead . . . no food . . . schooner"; these incoherent sounds were all he could be sure of.

He made a little fire of dry drift-wood, and then ripped open one of his two remaining tins of meat. With a spoon that lay beside the milk-tin, he held a little of the warmed mess to the woman's lips. Finding her just able to swallow, he crumbled a biscuit, and in a few minutes produced a palatable sort of stew, with which he fed her at intervals. The warm food had its effect: a tinge of color came into the stony face and intelligence into the eyes. For the first time the poor creature turned upon her succourer a look of human interest, a look that showed he was known for something other than a creature of delirium. With

something that was almost a smile, and a movement of the head that sketched a bow, she spoke—

"I am Mrs. Hildebrand."

Barton's hat was off in a moment. Had one reflected, the formal act of politeness, with its associations of ceremony, of social superficialities, would have seemed, perhaps, ridiculous in a scene whose atmosphere held suspended more than a hint of tragedy. But the woman's tone and bearing set up a new, albeit an unconscious, appeal. For years the man had scarce spoken with a woman of his own race: he saw now not only a helpless wail in need of succour, but one who claimed, as of right, something more,—more, though immeasurably less in value. The symbols of courtesy were, in that savage place, heartening and wholesome. They were as tiny, but strong, links with the same kindly world of men and women.

After he had told her his name, and that he had known her husband for some years, he heard, between many pauses, her story.

"We were married a year and a half ago, in Brisbane. I am a Queensland girl; my father had a run on the Condamine, but he failed, and the bank has got it now. . . . I was not long home from school in Tasmania, and Max was down in Brisbane on business; I had gone out as a governess, in the house of a man he knew, the Italian consul. He came often. He described to me the sort of life he had up here, and—well, one day he asked me if I thought I could stand it, as his wife, and I said 'Yes.' Even if I had still had the old home to go to, I should have said it. Oh, Mr. Barton, you know him, but you don't know what a splendid fellow he is! . . . We came up here and settled on the Plantation, and I liked it. I was bred in the Bush, and never minded if things were a little rough. I had all I wanted.

... My baby" (she paused, and laid hold upon a strand of root beside her) —"my baby was born five months ago. . . . You know Max was an Army doctor in Austria. . . .

"My brother, Douglas, a year younger than I, was with us on a visit. He had just come back in the schooner, with two Malays, from Port Warrington Peninsula: Buchanan and Petersen were over there, shooting. Max left Douglas with me, and started in the schooner: he was going to fetch the hides from the Peninsula to Port Daly, and bring back stores. It was the first trip he himself had made since the baby came. . . . I persuaded him to go. I was quite strong, and I said I should be all right with Douglas. . . .

"It is the 6th to-day, isn't it? Well, it is just fourteen days since Max left. Douglas and I had with us the Chinese cook,—Tom, we called him,—a Malay called Peter, a pearl-diver, and Fanny, my lubra. . . .

"The blacks came. I didn't know any of those I saw,—they were all big light-colored men: I think they came over in canoes from Blake's Island. . . . They decoyed Fanny away, I think; she disappeared from where she was washing at the creek, before we saw them. The Malay was out in the plantation, and he never came back. They made signs asking for food; Douglas went to talk to them, asked some to work, and gave them a goat and about a quarter of a bag of rice. They wanted more, and grew cheeky. I thought they looked like mischief; I saw no lubras. I called to Douglas to come in, and presently he came towards the house. As he walked up the path, one threw a spear, and he dropped dead. . . . Right through the heart. . . . My brother, who played with me when we were children; the handsomest lad in Queensland! . . .

"Tom and I dragged poor Douglas

in; Tom was hit in the shoulder, and a spear went through my skirt above the knees. . . . We barricaded the doors and windows as well as we could. . . . The baby was asleep on my bed all the time. I took Douglas's Winchester, and with a tomahawk made some loopholes in the iron walls, covering them with some spare sheets of corrugated iron that were in the bathroom. I had marked the black fellow who killed Douglas: next time they came on I fired, and hit him. . . .

"They were many—thirty or forty at least. They were frightened at first by the shot, but they seemed not to understand what made him drop. They got him away outside the fence, and we saw them through the bamboos looking at him, and trying to make him stand up, shouting and laughing. Then, I suppose, he died, and they were quiet for a little while. After that they came on again, and I saw they had fire-sticks: the roof over our heads was grass thatch. So I fired again, five times I think, and hit three: two dropped dead; one lay in the path by the gate screaming. . . .

"The noise woke the child; she cried, but I dared not put down the rifle to nurse her. Tom took her in his arms; he had never touched her before, but you would have thought he had been nursing babies all his life, he was so gentle and so careful. . . . The room was full of smoke: I fired whenever I saw a chance, but I am not sure if I hit any more. I kept treading in Douglas's blood, that was dripping off the table where we had laid him." . . .

The factitious strength caused by the excitement as much as by the food was ebbing fast. Her voice grew weaker and there were longer pauses, followed by beginnings in feverish haste, as though she felt she had no time to lose. The earnest, unconquered spirit, beckoned away, lingered and

agonized to finish its message, the record of its suffering and strife. After a longer pause than usual, throughout which the intense eyes looked upon Barton with an expression of such anxiety as she might have felt if he had shown himself impatient to be gone while her story was yet unfinished, she put a hand into her bosom and drew forth a slim notebook.

"I am dying," she said, presently, in her husky voice. "I knew I should not live to—to see my husband again; I knew that when baby died. . . . And I wrote it all down: I kept a diary for Max to see. I am tired, and it is difficult to talk. Please take this and read it. . . . You will find Max, and give it to him, won't you?"

Barton opened the book. The first few pages were loosely covered with disconnected memoranda, chiefly referring to dates of letters written and received. Then came the story, in brief, of the attack upon the Plantation house, evidently written down from minute to minute as the affair proceeded, each entry beginning with a note of the time.

" . . . 6.10. P.M. They have made a fire just outside the fence. They have begun throwing spears at the roof with bunches of lighted grass tied to them. . . . It is a little too far; one spear has fallen on the verandah, but the fire has gone out. The others have fallen short.

"6.25. They have stopped throwing spears. The wounded man by the gate appears to be dead. Dressed and bound up the wound in Tom's shoulder, after a fashion. He has lost a lot of blood, and it must have hurt awfully, but he is very quiet. . . . I have fired all the Winchester cartridges.

"6.30. Tom has found D's revolver in his room, loaded, but no more amm. There is also Max's gun, with

2 cartridges. Blacks very quiet. T. has gone into my bedroom at the back to watch that side.

"6.40. It is nearly dark. Blacks are in the stockyard; the colt and Hilltop were run up this morning; D. was to have put front shoes on the colt. They have found the horses—I heard Hilltop scream. . . .

"7. Fire in the stockyard; poor Hilltop being roasted, I suppose. Most of the blacks are there; they keep together.

"7.15. Some of them have got the axe from the wood-heap by the cook-house, and are battering at the back wall of the store. I can hear the iron rending. Tom said, 'Missis, suppose get inside store, catchee too-much beer, too-much blandy, blackfella he get dlunk, he no more flighten', we no can shoot, he burn toposide house. Mo' betta, we lun away now, long-a Bush.'

"27th March, 11 A.M. by the sun. I decided it was useless to take to the Bush; without horses we should have been helpless. It seemed folly to stay where we were, because even if they did not burn the house over us they would be almost certain to get us in the end. Suddenly I thought of the old tank that was lying on the beach—first as a hiding-place only; then I thought we might make a boat of it and let the current take us. It would be easier for Max to find us when he came if we were anywhere on the coast than if we went inland. It was a desperate chance, but it was the only thing I could think of. We looked round for food to take with us. The blacks were all at the back of the house; we could not reach either the cook-house or the meat-safe without great risk of being seen by some of those round the store. T. offered to go, on the chance that they might not have found the batch of bread he had been baking. I would not let him go. There was nothing but two tins of

milk, which I found in the dining-room cupboard. We took these, and a spoon, and some matches, and a full water-bag that was hanging on the front verandah, and the gun. I carried Lill. We opened the front door and made for the beach as quickly and quietly as we could. It was very dark. The water was almost lapping against the tank. Did not see any canoes,—probably they were beached beyond Signal Point. I had to put Lill down and help T. to shove the tank to the water. At first we could hardly move it—he could use only one arm; but we scraped away some sand under the corner, and then managed to turn it over. The second turn was easy, and then it partly floated, and we launched our ship. We dragged the hole down and let in some water for ballast; then we righted it and scrambled in. I made Tom get in first, and fetched L., who was asleep, and handed her to him, then pushed the tank a little and got in myself. I don't know how I did it. It was a squeeze to get through the hole. The water was quite smooth, and the tide just on the turn.

"2 P.M. [A few words illegible.] The heat is awful. The iron above the water burns the hand, and the water we are sitting in is as hot as tea. For hours Tom held the water-bag up above the salt water; now he has hung it by the handle to a stick across the hole. He refuses to take any of the milk. He keeps his eyes shut nearly all the time. I saw him take a pill—opium I suppose. I have suckled L. twice.

"Oh, my darling baby, will you live through this?

"4 P.M. (Guesswork, my watch has stopped). For about an hour we were tossed about frightfully. Bass Strait in a gale is nothing to it. I have never been sea-sick before; now I think I hardly knew before what giddiness was. I thought we must be right out

at sea, but about half an hour ago we bumped against something three or four times, and then seemed to get into smooth water again. Once or twice I thought we were going to capsize, yet no water came in except a little that splashed over the top. I am bruised all over, because, holding baby, I could not use my hands to steady myself. T's shoulder is festering, and very painful. The spear was poisoned perhaps.

"If I do not write about dear D., it is not because I do not think about him [words illegible].

"They must have burned the house by now.

"The sun is getting low, I think. It must be about 6. There is hardly any motion, but I dare not stand up to look out.

"Cramp in legs. T. in great pain evidently, but hardly speaks. Baby sleeps most of the time, and has not cried at all. I am half afraid to give her my breast; I have read or heard of the milk being curdled and made poisonous by a sudden trouble. God, help me! Save my little child!

"It is cooler. The water is finished.

"28th. Ashore again. I woke from a doze just before dawn, and found the tank gently bumping on sand. Stood up with difficulty owing to cramp, and looked out. The place is quite unknown to me, so we must be some miles from Plantation. Headland to W., probably Coral Head. We are in a bay. No sign of people. By good luck we were close to the mouth of a creek. We got ashore; both T. and I were stiff. Filled water-bag at creek, washed L., and bathed T.'s wound. His shoulder and arm are in a terrible state. He said, 'Chinaman have got opium, no wantee chow-chow, no wantee nothin'.'

"Afternoon. All the matches we have are spoiled, and I have tried in vain to get fire with a knife and stone, as people always used to do in books.

I make sparks, and hurt my fingers, but nothing burns. And so Max might pass in the schooner within a few miles, and we have no signal for him to see.

"Evening. My breasts are dry! I feared this when we landed, and mixed and drank nearly the whole of what was left of the open tin of milk. I made Tom take the rest. I took the lion's share, for my child's sake, and now it seems to have been useless—a waste of food that would have kept Lil for days. I must portion out the contents of the other tin. I calculate it will last eight days if I give Lil one spoonful a-day and myself half a one. I must keep alive to feed her. I have not felt very hungry so far. I suppose I have never been *really* hungry in my life—not *suffered* from hunger, I mean. I read once of some people entombed in a coal-mine in England, who lived without any food for a long time—twenty-three days, I think. They were strong men.

"As for poor Tom, I must leave him out, unless I die soon myself. I shall not, however. I was always a strong girl. I am in perfect health. I *will* not die, so long as my child lives. I would die this minute, willingly, if I could put her in her father's arms.

"20th. Tom's arm being useless (anyhow he is not likely to be much of a shot), I tried to shoot some sea-birds, which are plentiful. But the cartridges in the gun are sodden and will not fire. I blame myself for not taking them out. Lil does not like the tinned milk. It is difficult to make her take it; she has been sick twice, is restless, and cries almost incessantly. T. has refilled the water-bag, but since then he has been lying quite still, moaning occasionally.

"30th. Poor Tom is gone. The mosquitos were rather bad in the night, and I had to stay awake to keep them off Lil as well as I could.

Towards dawn I was walking up and down with her on the level sand near the water. She was asleep. All at once I found Tom at my elbow. He said, 'Missis, I going to die now; I go away long-a bush. You vely good Missis. Please, let me go now?' He was not delirious—spoke quietly and calmly. I took the poor fellow's hand. I could not speak. He went slowly away eastward, and I soon lost him in the darkness. I sat down and cried. The tears were the first I had shed all through this trouble. When the dawn came he was not in sight. I little thought I should ever weep for a Chinaman, or grow to like one. He used often to make me angry, but he has been faithful unto death.

"Evening. It is lonely without Tom. [Words illegible.]

"31st. A better night. Lil took her milk, and slept. I slept too. I know what hunger is now.

"Evening. Lil vomited her milk again, but does not seem to suffer. I take mine with lots of water, and it keeps off the gnawing. I wish I had means of warming it for Lil. The creek water is cold. This afternoon I saw the smoke of a steamer on the horizon.

"2nd April. Sleepless night. To keep myself from getting light-headed I repeat verses. Can only remember Gray's 'Elegy' and 'Beautiful Evelyn Hope.' This diary helps me. Will you ever read it, dear husband?

"Lil is no longer restless, but she is white and wasted. She is so light now that I hardly feel her weight, though I must be weaker. She lies on my lap quite still, with her eyes open, and seems to look at me reproachfully [words illegible], but I can hardly bear to look at her.

"3rd. She died at dawn. The convulsions were . . . I cannot write.

"That little life! . . . I did not know God was so cruel.

"Evening. She is buried five gun-lengths from the water's edge of the creek and six and a half from the butt of the tall dead pandanus with no head, in a line between the pandanus and the big whitish lump of coral shaped like a foot. The place is marked with a square of small white pebbles and a piece of tin in a split stick, with her name scratched on it—'Lillian Anna Hildebrand. Aged five months and 19 days. Died 3rd April 189—.'"

"Nothing matters much now.

"4th. [Words illegible.] Tired. There is not much use in continuing this diary. The milk is finished. I suppose I shall die in two or three days. I have had a happy life. Good-bye, dear father. Good-bye, dearest. I shall just sign my name every day as long as I can write.—Gertrude Mary Hildebrand."

The next day's date, with the signature repeated, was the last entry in the diary. When Barton closed the little book and looked up, she was asleep. Without disturbing her he rigged up his bush mosquito-net over the place where she lay. He walked over to the square of white stones that marked the child's grave, and saw the strip of tin with its inscription. Down near highwater mark, eastward from the big tree, was a clear stretch of firm sand. For the space of fifty yards it was printed over and over with the marks of the woman's shoes,—a record of anxious dark hours left by the weary little feet.

It seemed to Barton an impossibility to leave her as she was for the purpose of finding the Plantation. The coast was unknown to him, and by reason of the tortuous nature of his own march to the sea he could not tell whether the Plantation lay east or west. He assumed that it was not far off; the distance was probably far short of twenty miles, but to set out

in search of it was to risk a fruitless journey (aside from the heavy odds on the place having been looted and gutted), and to desert the dying woman. Meanwhile, if Hildebrand returned to what had been his home, there was nothing to guide him in his search for his wife. At this thought Barton hastened to make up the fire, and by piling upon it green boughs torn from the nearest trees, he soon sent up such a column of smoke as would be visible far out at sea or in either direction along the coast. By throwing sticks into the water and watching their drift he arrived at the opinion that it was most likely the tank had come from the west, but even this was uncertain, and it was still more uncertain whether he would find Hildebrand in time if he succeeded in reaching the Plantation. He found himself at last almost hoping for the arrival of a police party upon his own trail: the thought, however, was soon dismissed, for it was plainly impossible that Mrs. Hildebrand should be moved, even for the sake of the chance of saving her life, unless by means of a boat.

Towards evening he found her awake and conscious, and tried to get her to take such food as he had been able to prepare. Her teeth clenched upon the spoon, but she was unable to swallow anything but a little water. Her hands were lax and cold. During the night she spoke, at intervals, in a tone but little stronger than a whisper. The words were addressed to her child, and once to her brother. Her hands moved feebly. It was plain that her mind was far away. Silence and stillness followed, and in the hour before the dawn there came slowly to the watcher the knowledge that he looked upon the dead.

The stars were fading. A low-hung planet quivered for a few moments

above the point of the headland, as though a lighthouse stood there. Tiny ripples slid over each other and the smooth sand like folds of pearl-colored silk, and plashed lingeringly against the coral. The vast spaces of the sky unveiled themselves, the sea took on dappled tints of rose and mauve, the cries of birds acclaimed the sun. While the near shore was yet in shadow, the headland received the rays, and changed from purple to warm pink, and in that glow Barton was aware of a white moving speck. It rounded the point of the outlying reef and drew very slowly along the shore of the bay. In a few minutes it became clearly visible as a boat, and presently a man who sat in it rose erect and appeared to scan the shore. It was now broad daylight, and the smoke of Barton's fire was plain to see. The man addressed himself to his oars and sent the boat along the chord of the bay. Before its keel ran up the sand opposite the fire, Barton had recognized Hildebrand, and with no slight effort nerved himself for the meeting. Hildebrand leapt ashore actively, but at the sight of Barton standing by the tank, alone, immovable, he walked toward him as though the sand clung to the soles of his feet.

When the next sun rose upon the bay, another grave had been made and filled in the sandy soil by the creek, and the mother lay beside her child.

The first passion of the Austrian's grief had been a thing not meet for any human eye to see. Having placed the diary in his hands, Barton had walked far along the shore. When he returned, towards midday, the other, rising from where he had sat hiding his face in his hands, greeted him. He spoke calmly and kindly, but the agony had left him physically weak. In speaking of this interview long after, Barton was reticent as to the

details. Hildebrand stood very high in his regard.

Through the hot afternoon they worked with immense toil at the grave, digging alternately with a knife, a stretcher, and a scull from the dinghy. When the burial was over the sun had set. Barton prepared some food, and they supped, Hildebrand making but a pretence. Barton told his story; Hildebrand listened attentively, and asked questions. Then, passing rapidly over the account of his arrival at the Plantation and finding it a ghastly ruin, he told how he had followed up his wife.

"I found her tracks and the Chinaman's," said he, "leading down to the water, with no return. There had been no boat, and I was puzzled, until I missed the tank; then I guessed what she—what they had done. I left the schooner anchored, in charge of the two Malays, and brought the dinghy to the spot where the tracks ended. When the tide turned I shoved off, and sat in the boat, letting the currents take me where they would: it was slow work, but I knew it was the only sure way. In thirty-two hours the current brought me thirteen miles. I did not touch the oars until I saw your smoke, except to save myself from being stove in rounding Coral Head. My God!" he added, "Imagine that voyage in the tank."

He was silent again, and sat for an hour or more, facing the sea, his eyes open, but his gaze fixed upon nothing, apparently oblivious of Barton's presence. Hildebrand was a man of forty, rather below the middle height, thin, with a short neck and remarkably square shoulders. He had thick eyebrows, and wore his brown beard clipped to a point. Ordinarily he had the air (an effect of real kindness of heart) of being especially interested in the conversation and affairs of any one with whom he spoke; and he was

polite to a degree which in Australia was thought to verge upon eccentricity.

Barton, filled with a great pity, watched him in silence. When deeply moved he was always deserted by his powers of expression: the appalling sorrows of the man before him left him merely dumb. Least of all could he have spoken of his own needs,—of the hope he had entertained that Hildebrand would aid him in his attempt to escape. But when the stricken man broke the silence, it was to say—

Blackwood's Magazine.

"There is a ship in Port Daly, the one that took my hides. She sails this week for Hong-kong. I'll sail the schooner to the lee of Monday Island, and put you aboard in the dinghy. I know the skipper, and I daresay he'll take you: if not, we must make some other plan. The ship is the *Bramber Castle*."

Barton started. "What is the skipper's name?" he asked.

"Cotterson. You know him?"

"He's a relation of mine," said Barton.

Ernest Dawson.

THE SLEEPER IN THE OPEN AIR.

There are, perhaps, few offences committed daily—or rather nightly—which seem to the average person to call for lighter punishment than the offence of "sleeping out, and being without visible means of subsistence." If a man has no visible means of subsistence, how is he to get a bed under a roof? and if he may not sleep except under a roof, how is he to sleep at all? Sleep being a thing which it is clear that every man must have, the kindly minded critic of magisterial decisions wonders whether he, if he were brought so low as to be compelled to trudge through the dark till a friendly haystack offered shelter, would not rail bitterly against a law that offered him, as the only alternative to a night in the casual ward the roof of a prison. There is, of course, a good deal of false sentiment wasted over the tramp, who, generally speaking, is a worthless person, and quite capable of looking after himself, even to the extent of extorting half-crowns under pressure from frightened women. But, nefarious creature though he doubtless often is, somehow or other he always does ap-

peal vaguely to the imagination of sympathetic people when he may not sleep out of doors. However, the community has decided against him; the sun goes down, and it is necessary to make as sure as possible that he shall not be planning mischief in the dark.

Does the tramp himself look on sleeping out of doors as something desirable in itself, or does he merely regard it as a disagreeable business, preferable to the alternative necessity of knocking at the door of the workhouse? Does he find any deep pleasure in contemplating the idea of lying down when the mood takes him, sleeping his sleep out in the wind and dew, and waking in the cool air of an August morning? Except for a dull sense of satisfaction that he is still a free man, probably the average tramp thinks very little of pleasure in connection with the notion of sleeping on the bare ground. One day is very like another, taking everything together, and it will make very little difference to him whether the next morning brings rain or sun. The main point ever present is that the world, to his mind, treats him unjustly.

It insists that he must work to live, that he must always be able to give references, and—most unjust of all—must always have cash in his pocket, and cash which he can prove has been properly come by. Why should he be compelled to do all these things, and fall in with all these regulations? He merely wishes to get through life as easily and as pleasantly as he can, and sees no sense in working or paying for a bed in a house, where he will be trammelled with all sorts of rules and assertions of authority, when he can get to sleep in the open air for nothing. He is useless and may be dangerous, but he is perfectly logical and practical,—too practical, indeed, to care very much whether he sleeps in a dirty out-house or on the green heather. The main thing is to get the night over.

Still, there must be a sprinkling among the tramps who shuffle dully to gaol for sleeping out in the hot weather of men whose spirits really belong to the outdoor world, to whom four brick walls are a trap or a prison, to whom the wind on clean hills and wild roads is the breath of life, who have something of the same lonely, rebellious mind that sent George Borrow striding and fighting along country lanes. How curious it is, by the way, that George Borrow actually shrank from the idea of his first night sleeping out alone. When he bought Jack Slingsby's pony and cart and tent for five pounds ten shillings, and let the pony take him where it pleased off the high road, he had intended at first to pass the night in the cart, or to pitch his tent at some convenient spot by the roadside. But a cold wind sprang up, followed by a drizzling rain, and "to tell the truth," he writes, "I was not very sorry to have an excuse to pass the night once more beneath a roof. I had determined to live quite independent, but I had never passed a night alone by myself

abroad, and felt a little apprehensive at the idea; I hoped, however, on the morrow, to be a little more prepared for the step, so I determined for one night—only for one night longer—to sleep like a Christian." He went on, but never came to a house or an inn, and at last pitched his tent, conveyed one or two articles into it, "and instantly felt that I had commenced housekeeping for the first time in my life." He was quite as practical and humdrum the next morning. He refuses, bluffly, "to say that I was awakened in the morning by the carolling of birds, as I perhaps might if I were writing a novel; I awoke because, to use vulgar language, I had slept my sleep out, not because the birds were carolling in numbers round me, as they had probably been for hours without my hearing them." Nor would he have noticed particularly, perhaps, what birds were singing, or have cared very much whether they sang at all. To live and speak and strive with men in the open air was Borrow's idea of life; the face and features of Nature, which are not plain, reasonable matters at all, interested him a good deal less.

He writes vaguely and generally of "the birds" and the morning on which he wakes might, for all that those few lines tell you, belong to any month from April to October. But even taking the song of birds alone, how differently the world wakes during the succeeding months for the sleeper in the open air. The thrush first, on March mornings, piping wildly to the gale half-an-hour before daylight; the robin just after dawn; and the black-bird merely chattering and clattering, —his "boxwood lute" is not in tune in cold weather. May mornings, perhaps, ring with the most wonderful anthem of the year,—an anthem which, strangely enough, only one man in a hundred takes the trouble to hear. It is, indeed,

less an anthem than a continuous, passionate shout; madness and deafness are the two first thoughts it prompts, followed always by wonder when it ceases as suddenly as it began, and doubt whether you ever heard it after all, so unlike is it to any other sound of birds singing. But if the nightingales and thrushes and blackbirds wake madly in May and June, is there any month in which the dawn breaks more tranquilly than in the calm of a hot August? No Englishman knows all that English weather means until he has seen the morning gradually lift over some great expanse of open country, such as Exmoor or Salisbury Plain. And to see that sight in its full majesty, in the wealth of a light morning wind playing over wide fields and hills, he must sleep on the ground, and wake to find his head level with gray grass and thistles,—grass that lightens into pale yellow and thistles that glow into pink as the indigo fades out of the sky, and the thinnest ultramarine haze hangs beyond the barrows on the sky-line. He can reach out and pick within an arm's-length of his bed crow's-foot and wood-ruff and harebells, bending and bowing in the sun-parched, amber grass-bents;

The Spectator.

below him, in flat valleys, partridges are calling to their chicks; twenty larks in half-a-mile are singing as they sang in March. The yellow-gray grass sweeps away in curved, rolling carpets to fields of swedes and wheat on a distant hill; beyond a spinney of beech he watches thin lines of sheep wander slowly over the brow. The sun blazes out to dry the dew, and from a hill spotted with tiny white tents there suddenly comes down the wind the sound of four bugles, "like horns of elf-land faintly blowing,"—a sound echoed nearer him by other bugles, joyous and flamboyant, magnetic with the blue morning air. A strange reflection, surely, that the average Englishman hears and sees those sounds and sights seldom of his own free will. His holidays take him to Swiss mountains and Italian lakes, to look at something new. Yet he can find something absolutely new at his hand without crossing any sea: a fact which he realizes when, perhaps merely in the capacity of a Volunteer soldier marched to Salisbury Plain and back again, he has been brought to see the sun rise over English hills,—almost under compulsion.

THE TRESPASSES OF "TO."

It is time that a stand were made against the insidious and unceasing encroachments of the preposition "to." We appeal to Oxford and Cambridge; we call on every lover of English; we ask every intelligent person to bear witness to the trespasses of this urchin of words, going on unchecked to the impoverishment and dementing of our language. "To" is a very little word to stand up to, but its very littleness makes it the more mischievous. It

creeps in unthought of to the exclusion of better words, and we are now rapidly nearing the time when the bulk of English speakers, knowing their own language only by hearsay, will recognize no other preposition but to. It is spreading as the green scum on water, every individual plant a thing tiny enough, but in the mass overgrowing the whole, covering the face of the water with thick darkness. The unbroken reign of "to" would whelm a

world of etymological history, render English an irrational language, and bring about a dull sameness, phonetically most undesirable.

Let us prove our case. First there is the flagrant trespass of "different to." No one doubts that "different from" is right and "different to" wrong, nor pretends that it could be otherwise; and yet "to" has all but ousted "from"; and good speakers look on either unconcerned or helpless; or even are aiders and abettors of the trespass. Mr. Arthur Balfour is one of the guilty. And that misfortune, with hosts of equally bad examples, leads some even educated and intelligent English speakers and writers to apologize for "different to" under the plea of use; they say the only standard of language is the use of good speakers. That, of course, is arguing in a circle. It leaves it open to any recognized man of letters or public speaker to change the language at his own will. We were going to say "corrupt the language," but in this connection corrupt would obviously be an irrelevant word, for the plea of use necessarily excludes the possibility of corruption. The potter cannot be said to corrupt his clay by moulding it into one shape instead of another. And the use or custom school of linguists treat language as mere unformed clay at the disposal of the potter, which is the speaker who is recognized as good. Lord Rosebery, for instance, might start the fashion of saying "I is" instead of "I am," or he might drop the aspirate in Home Rule or pronounce it in hour; and if Mr. Thomas Hardy, say, chose to do the same, there you would have authority enough; and it would according to the plea of uses be correct to say "I is." But the very fact that the word corruption is so frequently spoken of language shows that most of us have an instinct that language is not a mere inert plasticity

but has a proper elkon, its own form. We are directed to the unquestionable fact that language changes and grows; precisely, and everything that grows without one exception has its proper lines of development. Nothing that grows is mere material for the manufacturer to mould as he will.

We decline to admit that use is any valid apology for "different to." The correctness of "from" is not based on custom at all; it rests on a much deeper foundation, historical and logical. Union and separation are two fundamental conceptions of language, because fundamental in human consciousness; they are the same conception at bottom as you and I, here and there, the prime conceit of existence. "From" arises from the idea of separation, motion away from the speaker, "to" responds to the idea of union, motion to the speaker. Thus in correlating "different" and "to," we yoke together two not merely unequals but incompatibles. "Different to" is the absolute negation of intelligence in language. On the same grounds "abhorrent to" is a monstrous phrase, but in current use. Equally "averse to," or "aversion to." Properly "averse to" a thing can only mean particularly disposed towards it, being turned from other things to this one in particular. Similarly "alien to" and "distinct to" is a trespass on "from." And what can be said of "remote to?" That is happily not a common trespass; the offence is too glaring; but we have known people write it deliberately. Thus does "to" begin to insinuate itself.

The trespass on "from's" land is the most striking because the most audacious and unwarrantable; and curiously enough it is also the commonest. But "to" also trespasses on "with's" land and sometimes on "for's." People say "compare to" when the very word "com" necessarily requires "with" and

not "to" to follow. So "agree to" is usually a trespass on "agree with." But "talk to" is not a trespass on "talk with"; it depends on the point of view. We believe we have heard people say "inconsistent to," and we are not sure we have not heard "sympathize to." Any way it would be no more unreasonable than "compare to."

The trespass on "for" or "of" is more doubtful. "Dislike for" or "of" is better than "dislike to"; but in to have a liking "to" instead of "for" a thing

The Saturday Review.

"to" has an arguable case. The concept implied is union not separation. So in "dissimilar to" it may be pleaded that the preposition may as well take its cue from the element of union in similarity as from the separating particle "dis."

But the great offence is the aggression on "from." We hold that every man or woman that has any care for the English language is in duty bound valiantly to resist "different to" and the cognate offences.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The late Lafcadio Hearn passed by cable the final proof of the last chapter of his new book "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation" which the Macmillans have just published, the very day before he died.

To the seventh edition of "Corea, the Hermit Nation" which the Scribners have just published, Dr. W. E. Griffiths has added chapters on the Economic Condition of Corea, Internal Politics, Chinese and Japanese, the War of 1894, Corea an Empire, and Japan and Russia in Conflict, thus bringing the work down to the autumn of the present year.

To their "Handy Information Series" T. Y. Crowell & Co. add a volume of Synopses of Dickens's Novels by J. Walker McSpadden. The little book gives an account of each of Dickens's novels, the circumstances and date of its publication, the scene and period of the story, the cast of characters and an outline of the plot. It will be found useful in reading circles and literature classes.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. publish in com-

panion volumes *Stories of King Arthur and his Knights*, adapted by Professor U. Waldo Cutler, and *Stories of Robin Hood and his Merry Outlaws* edited by J. Walker McSpadden. The volumes are of moderate size, and the purpose of each is to retell the old stories in a way to hold the attention and please the fancy of young readers, without departing too far from the original text. This by no means easy task has been well achieved. The style is not stilted, but neither is it so quaint as to be unintelligible. Young readers will find the books as delightful as much latter-day fiction and a great deal better worth while.

The Scribners announce the immediate publication of a book by Frederick Palmer, the well-known war correspondent in the Far East, on the *First Year's Campaign*. Mr. Palmer went to Japan before the beginning of hostilities and accompanied the First Japanese Army into Manchuria, where he witnessed the Battles of the Yalu and Liao-Yang. He had special opportunities of observation, and his former experiences of reporting, from headquarters and battlefield, the war

between Greece and Turkey, the hostilities in the Philippines and the advance of the allies upon Peking, fitted him to avail of them to the utmost. His tour of Manchuria at the close of the Chinese expedition and his return home over the now celebrated Siberian railway contributed to his thorough understanding of the campaign.

Marvels of cheapness and convenience are the Pocket Edition of Handy Volume Classics of T. Y. Crowell & Co. The latest additions are Sheridan's Comedies, edited with introduction, biography and notes by Brander Matthews; Robert Bell's collection of Songs from the Dramatists, also edited by Brander Matthews; The Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Son and his Godson, edited by Charles Welsh; The Essays of Joseph Addison, edited by Hamilton Wright Mable; and a volume which bears the challenging title "The Hundred Best English Poems" selected by Adam L. Gowans, of which it may be said that, if it does not contain all that the individual reader would include in such a list it furnishes some of the most striking and noble specimens of English verse from Raleigh to Henley.

One of the most striking chapters in Dr. Saleeby's "The Cycle of Life," which the Harpers publish, is that entitled "The Verdict of Science upon Alcohol." Dr. Saleeby refers to the monster petition circulated among registered physicians early this year in Great Britain, which urged that school children be taught the true nature and effects of alcohol; and adds that four days after this petition was posted 14,000 signatures had been subscribed, showing the attitude of physicians in this vital matter. Dr. Saleeby

lays at the door of his own profession in the past the responsibility for much drinking of raw spirits in preference to wine, which physicians have prohibited in so many cases because of its relation to gout. "Arraigned before the bar of science," writes Dr. Saleeby, at the close of this vigorous chapter, "which nowadays can try whatever case it pleases, alcohol has been found guilty: the judges are physiology, pathology, pharmacology, clinical medicine, psychiatry, and criminology. But though they concur in their verdict, society alone can pass sentence."

The fourth volume of the series of "Early Western Travels" which the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland is reprinting in a stately and uniform edition, reproduces the full text of Fortescue Cuming's "Sketches of a Tour to the Western Country." Cuming, who was an Englishman, and a very good-humored traveller and man of the world made two distinct tours in 1808 and 1809, on foot and on horseback and by boat, through the states of Ohio and Kentucky, down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and through the Mississippi Territory and part of West Florida. Cuming was an alert observer and he was endowed with that sense of proportion in which many travellers are lamentably deficient. He did not weary his readers with unimportant personal details, but he gave them vivid pictures of the regions through which he passed and the social and industrial conditions of the population. Reproduced now from the original text, after the interval of more than a century, the narrative is of historic value as well as of engaging interest. Like the other volumes in the series, this is edited and annotated by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D.

THE WHITE BIRD.

A white bird fluttered at the door,
His pinions swept the pane.
My love she followed the white bird
Into the storm and rain.

Into the storm and rain she went,
But where the white bird flies,
Oh, there the winds blow pleasantly,
And tranquil are the skies!

And none who follow the white bird
Need ever turn or rue;
He seeks a land where hurts are healed,
A land where dreams come true.

Now hard I toil with brain and pen,
I toil, I slumber deep,
And yet I cannot choose but hear
The wings that onward sweep.

And one day they shall pause again,
My lintel when they find,
I too shall follow the white bird,
And never look behind.

May Kendall.

The Saturday Review.

CUCKOO SONG.

We shall grow old and die,
But now both you and I
Are young, and the ancient hills are
young,
And the everlasting sky.
Filled with the cuckoo's song resung;
Enchanted with that childish sound
That makes the world its own play-
ground,
That first word babbled by the tongue
Of the laughing infant year.

Cuckoo, the hidden voice is near,
As if with sudden music spoke
The heart of that awakened oak.
Cuckoo, the sound is far and high
Like laughter falling from the sky;
Like children calling to each other
The heavens and the earth reply
Cuckoo, cuckoo; and we are children
too.

So where the meadow flowers unfold
Their twice ten thousand cups of gold,
I make a childish song for you
Filled with a word that never can be
old,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.

A. C.-B.

The Speaker.

THE HAPPY ENCOUNTER.

I saw sweet Poetry turn troubled eyes
On shaggy Science nosing in the
grass,
For by that way poor Poetry must
pass
On her long pilgrimage to Paradise.
He snuffled, grunted, squealed, per-
plexed by flies,
Parched, weather-worn, and near of
sight, alas!
From peering close where very little
was,
In dens secluded from the open skies.
Yet Poetry in bravery went down
And called his name, soft, clear, and
fearlessly;
Stooped low, and stroked his muzzle
overgrown;
Refreshed his drought with dew;
wiped pure and free
His eyes; and lo! laughed loud for
joy to see
In those gray deeps the azure of her
own.

Walter J. De la Mare.

The Monthly Review.

AT SUNSET.

Three peaks, one loftier, all in virgin
white,
Poised high in cloudland when the day
is done,
And on the midmost, far above the
night,
The rose-red of the long-departed sun.

Leeds Morris.